





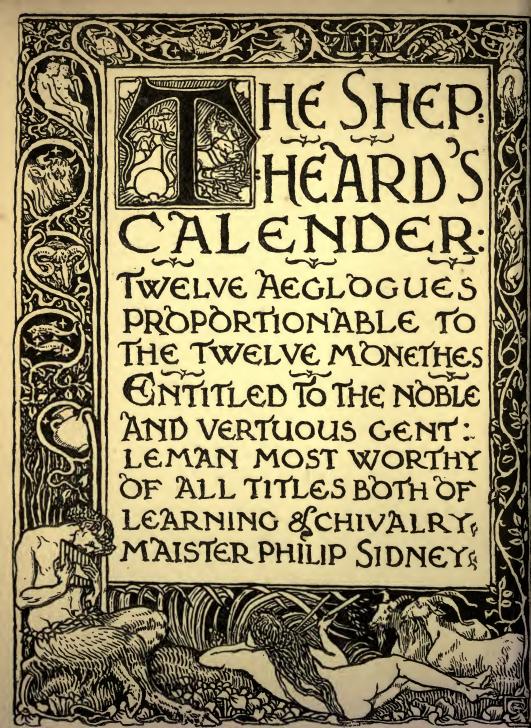


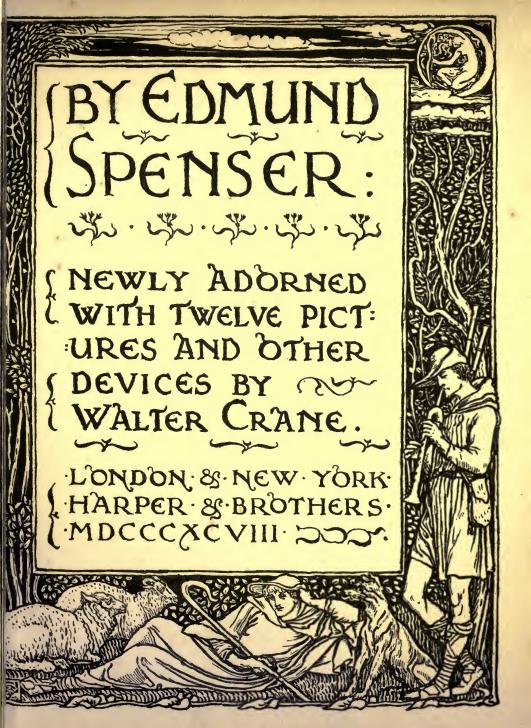




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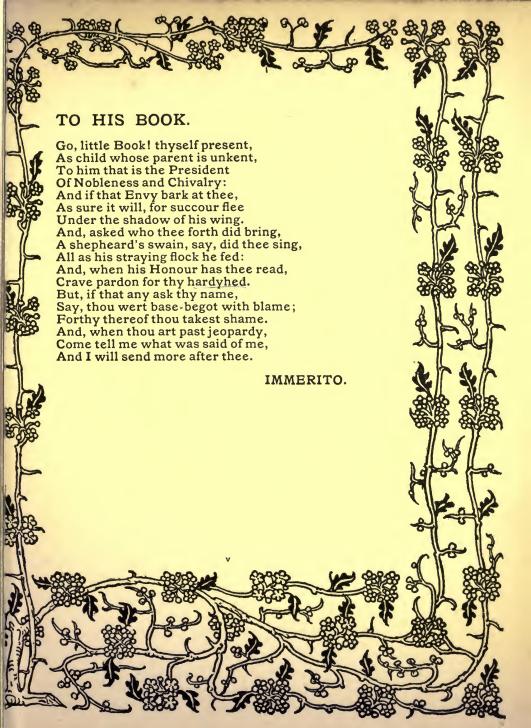
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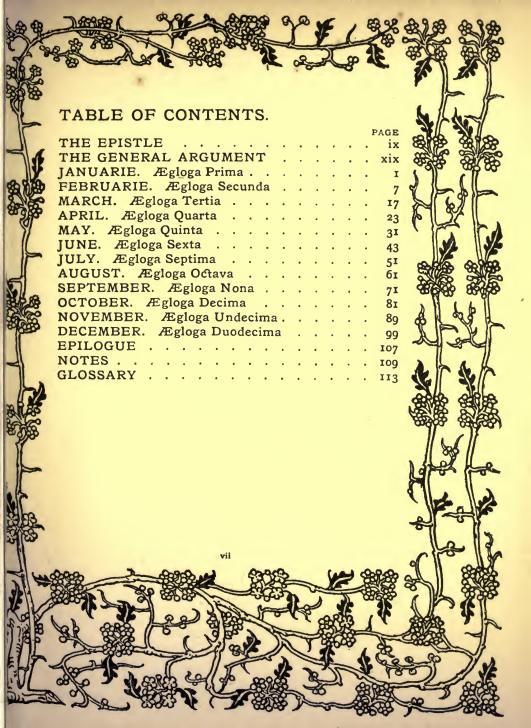


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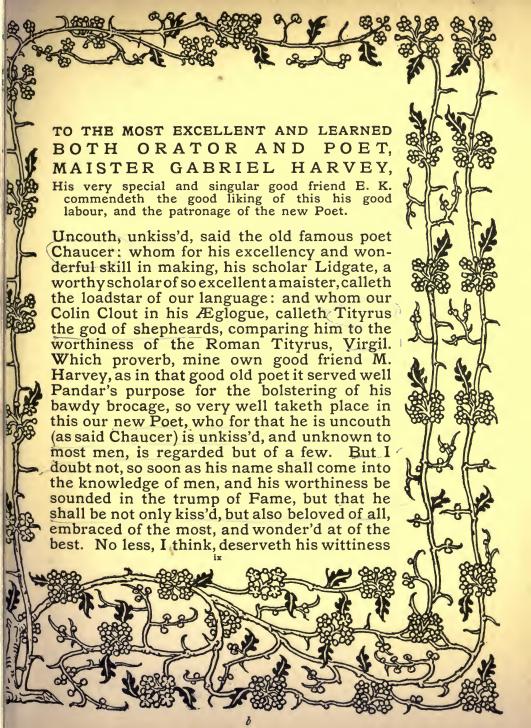


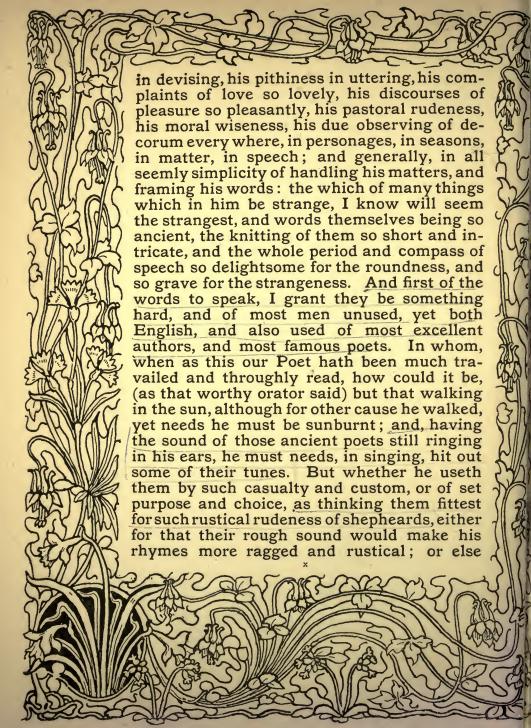


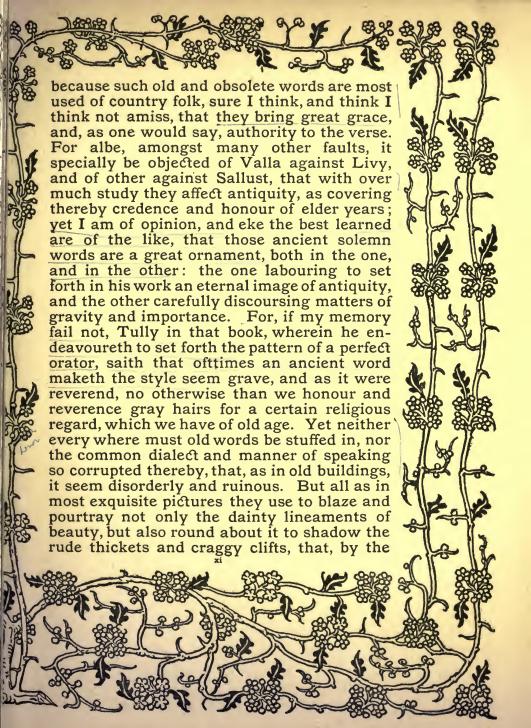


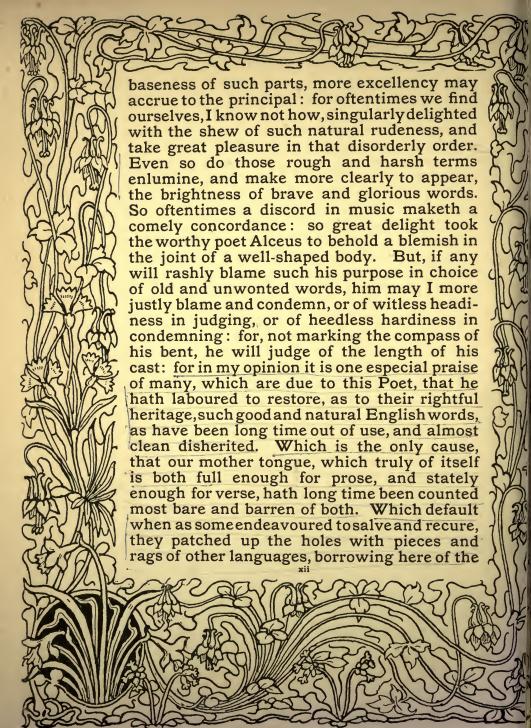


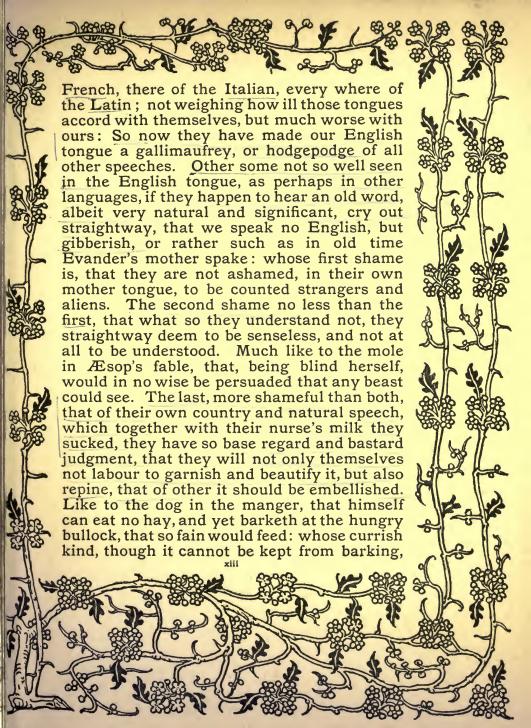


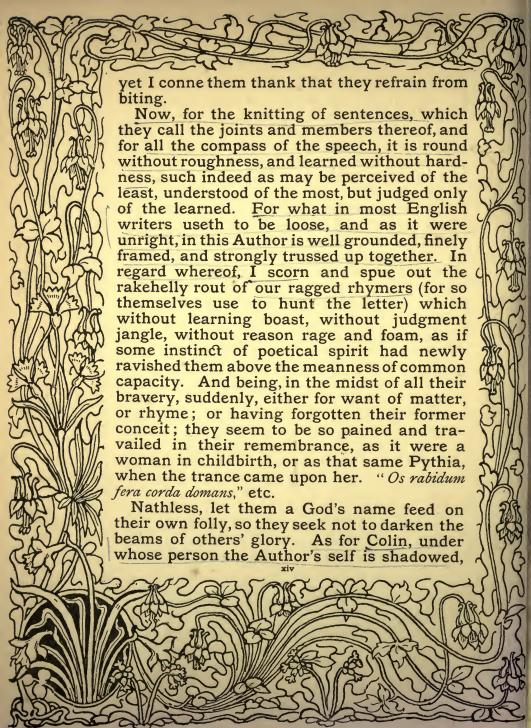


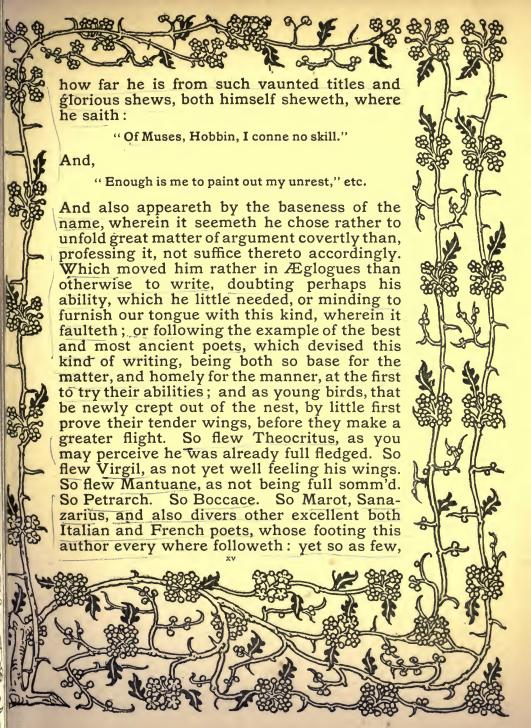


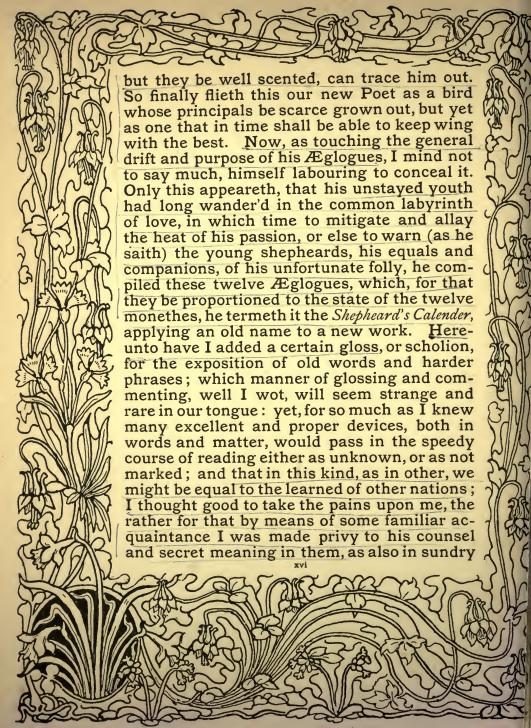


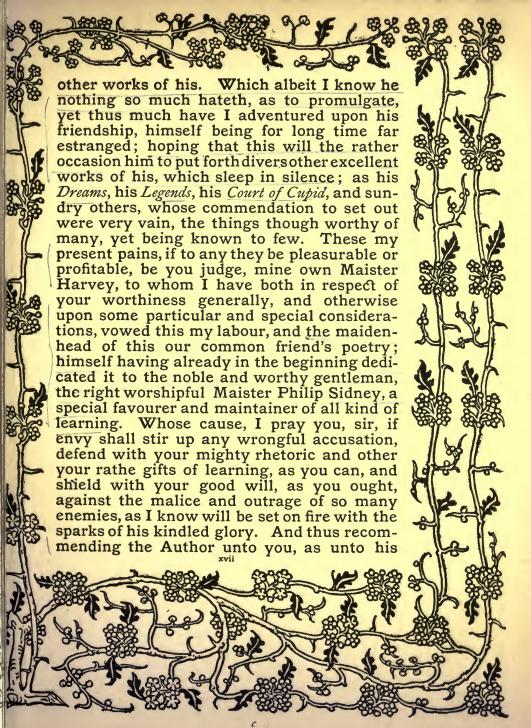


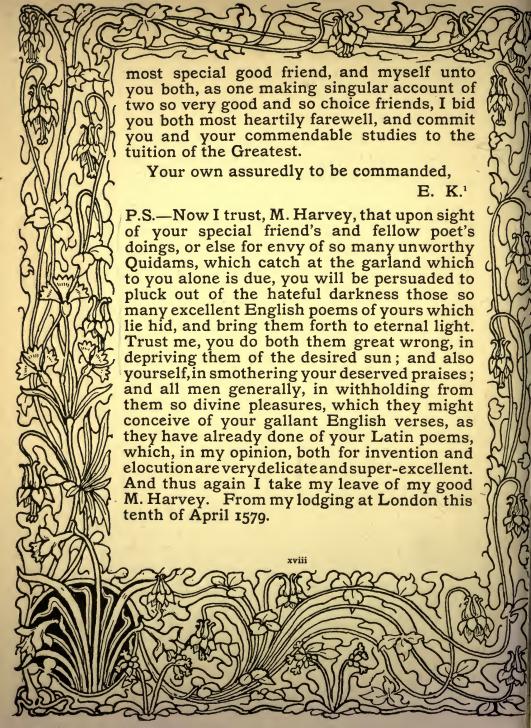


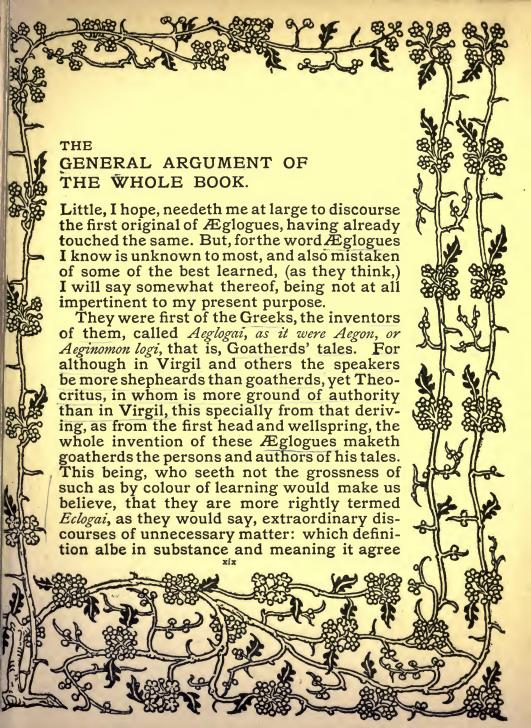


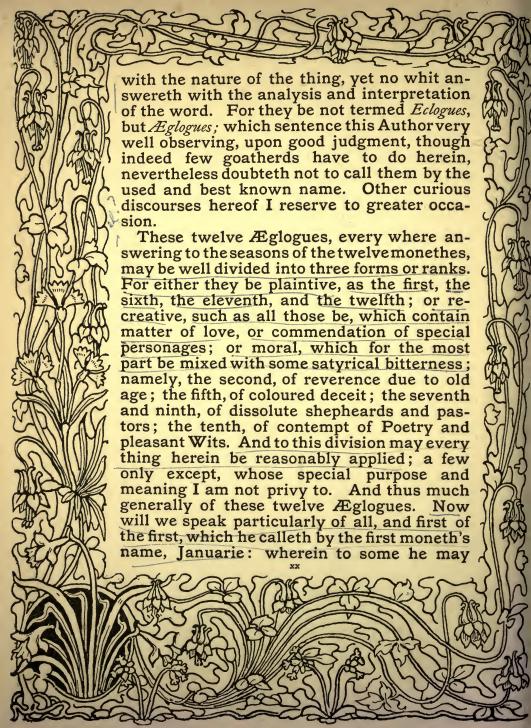


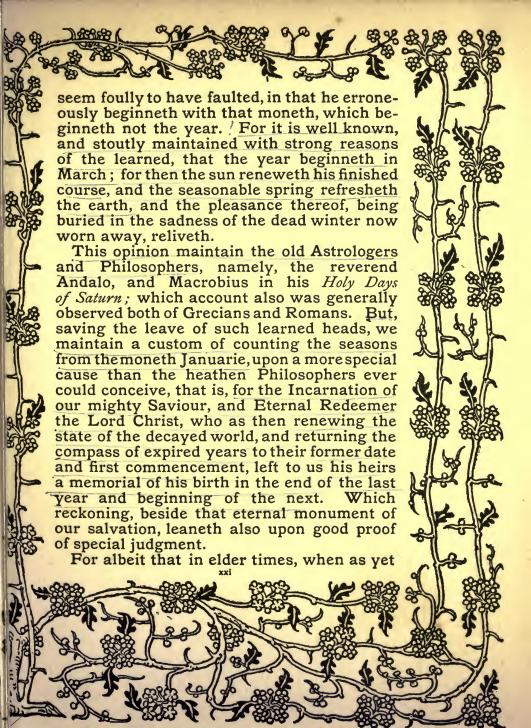


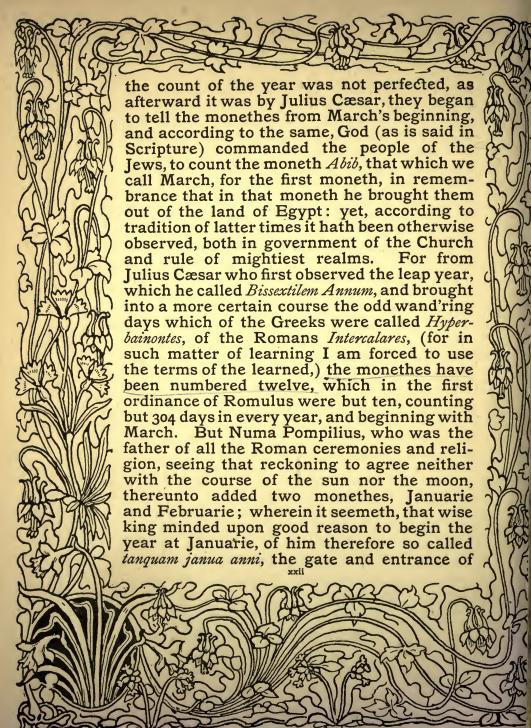


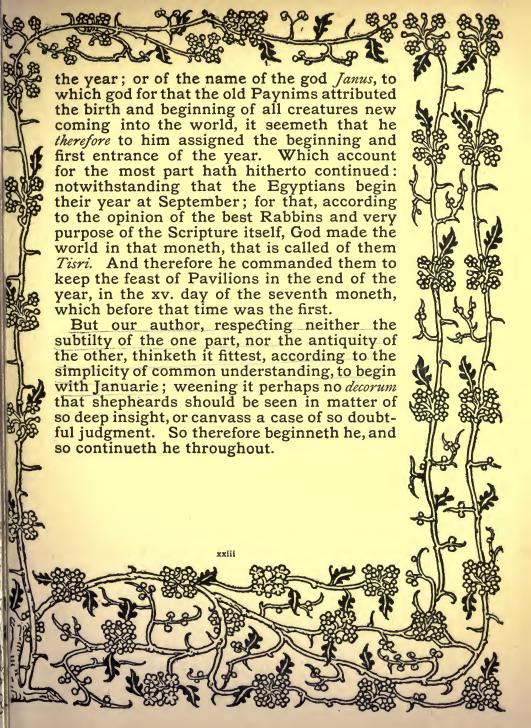












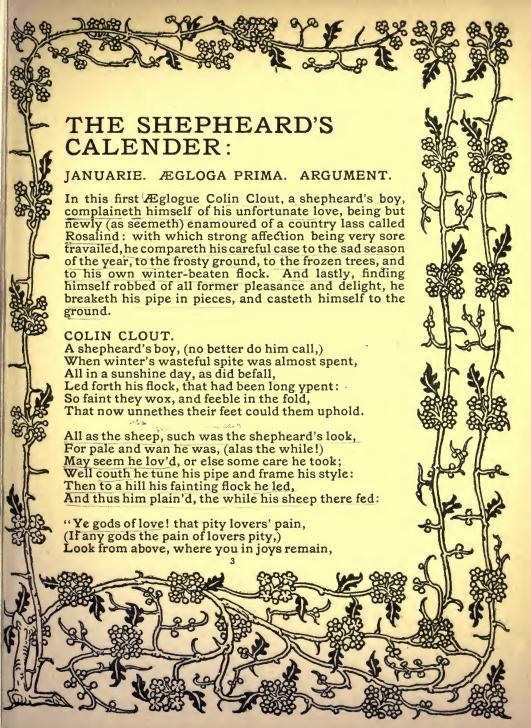


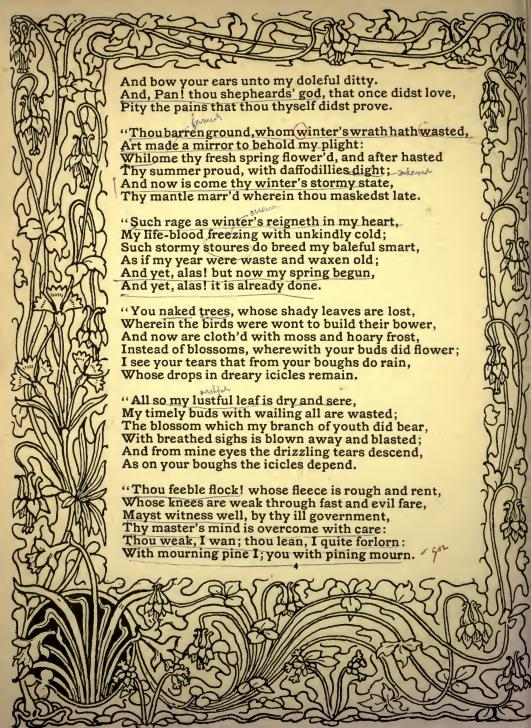


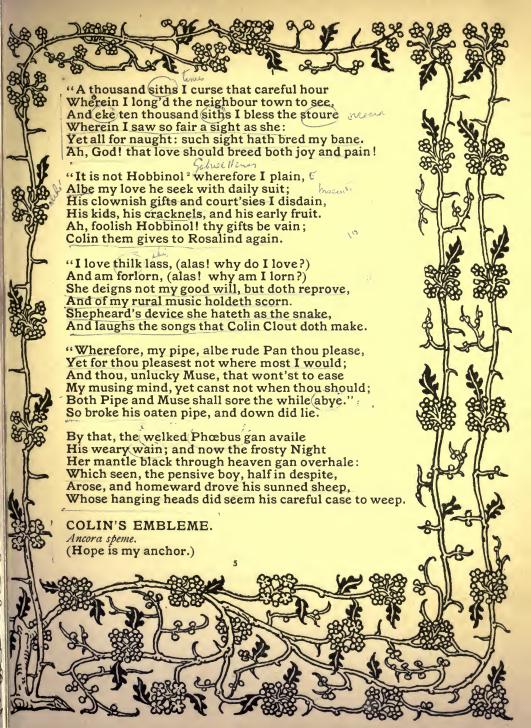
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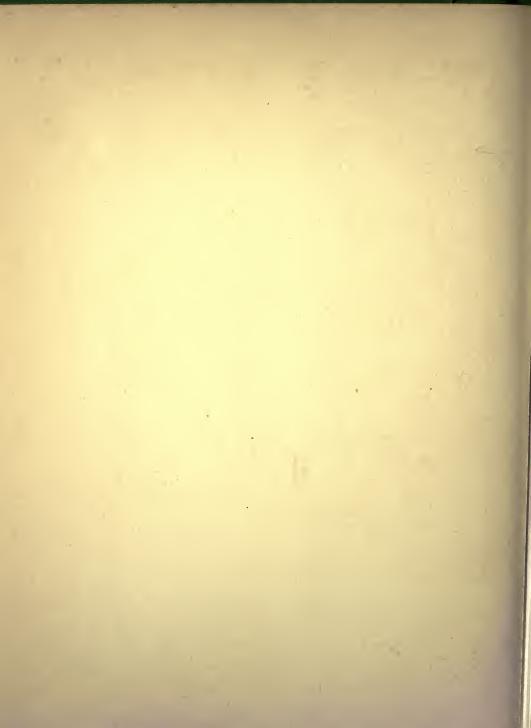
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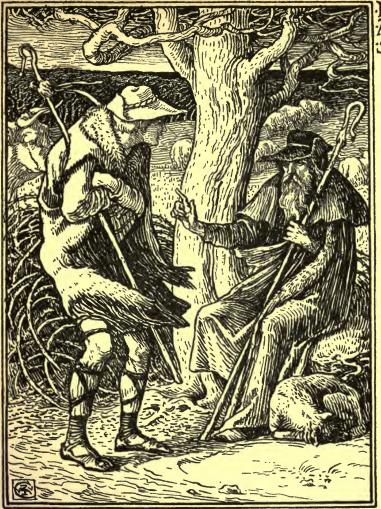








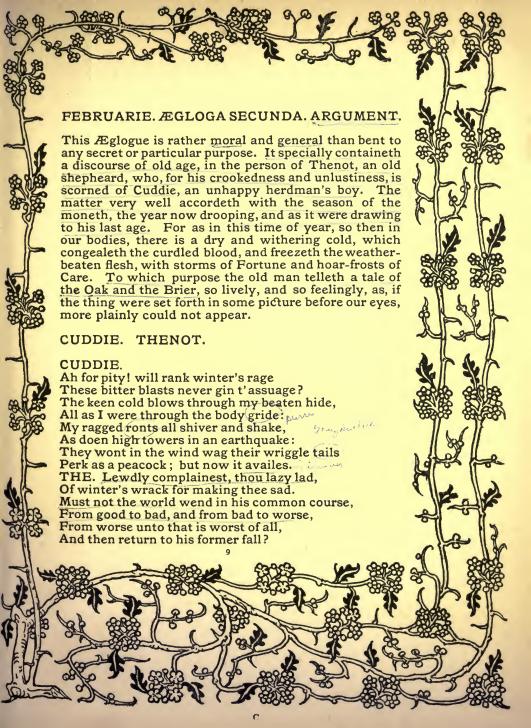


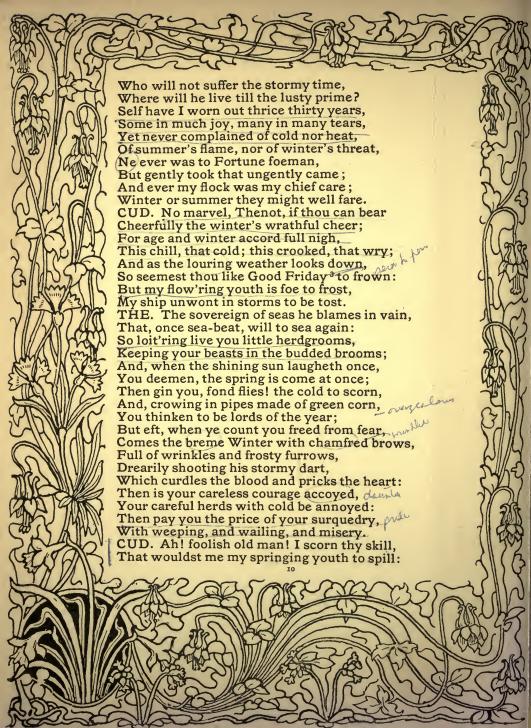


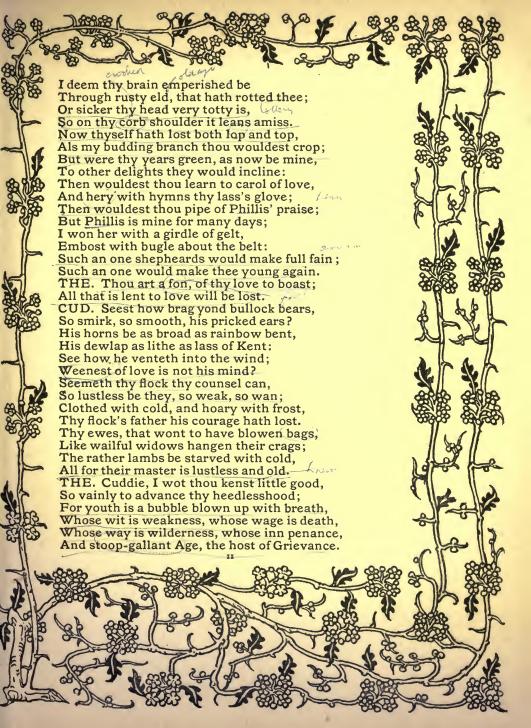
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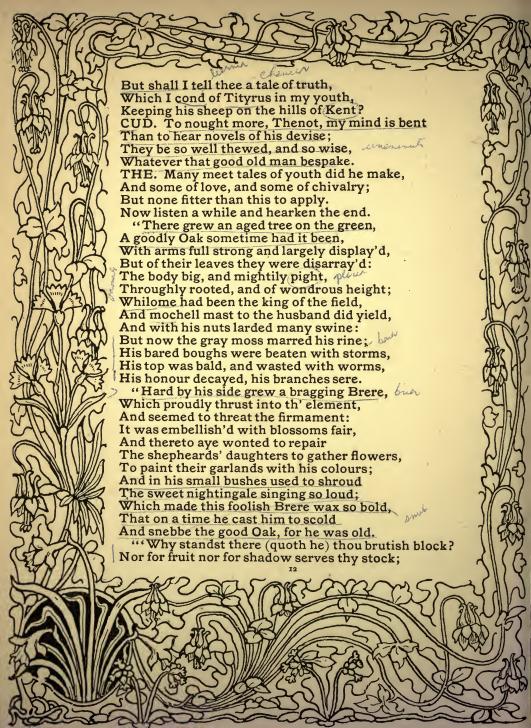


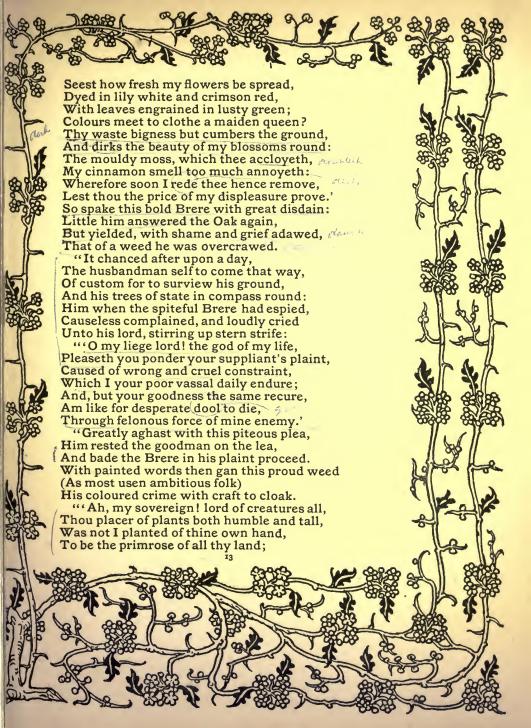


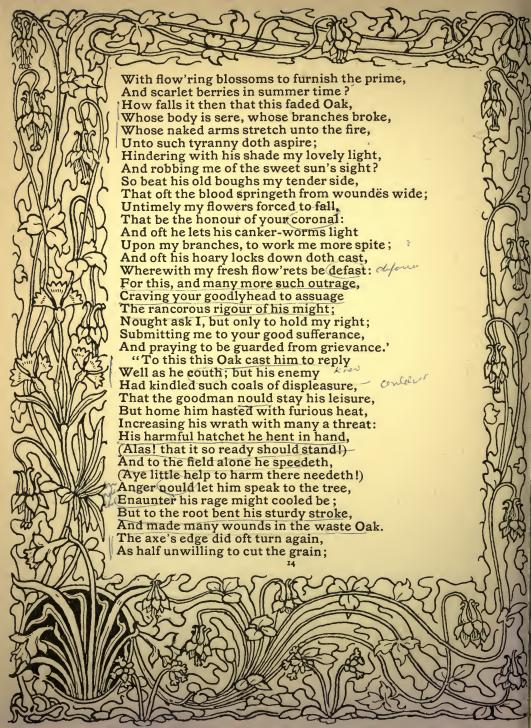


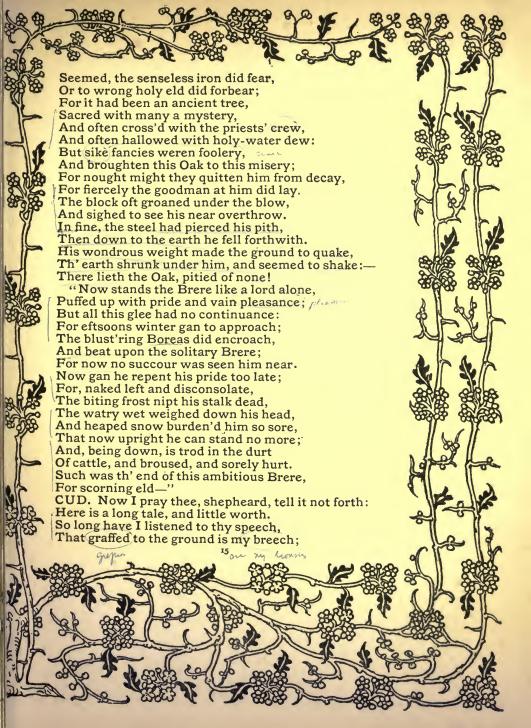


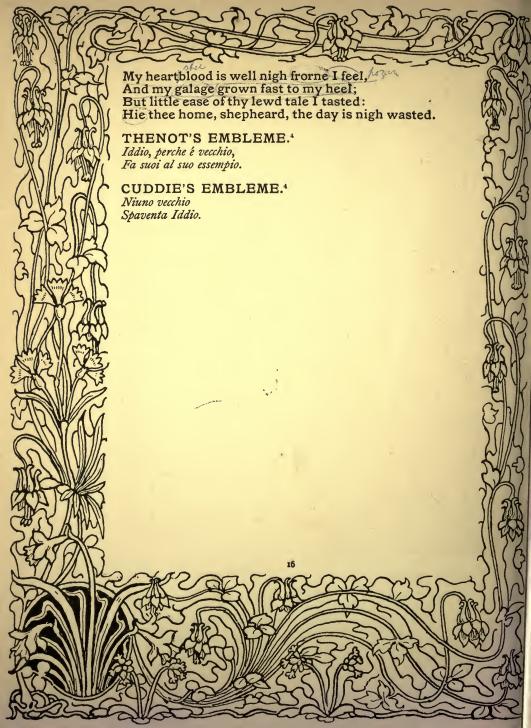


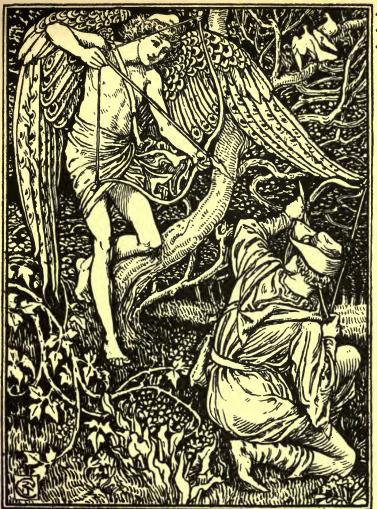








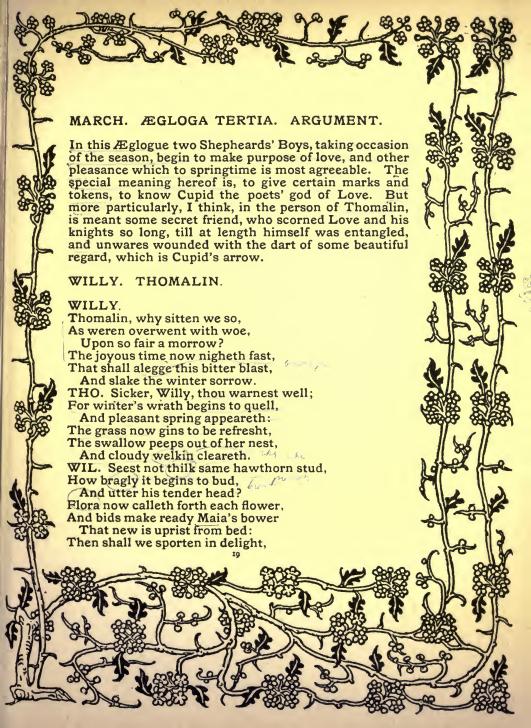


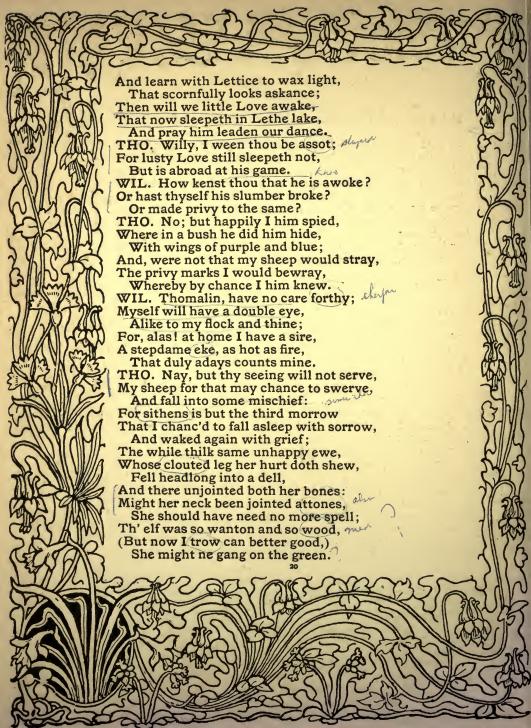


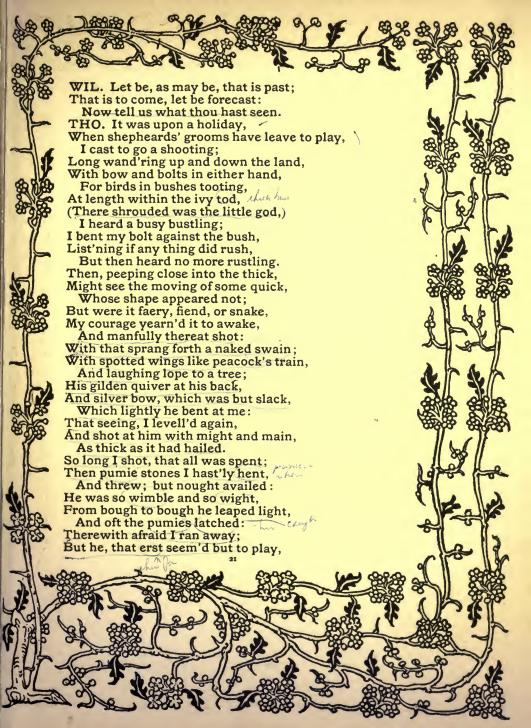
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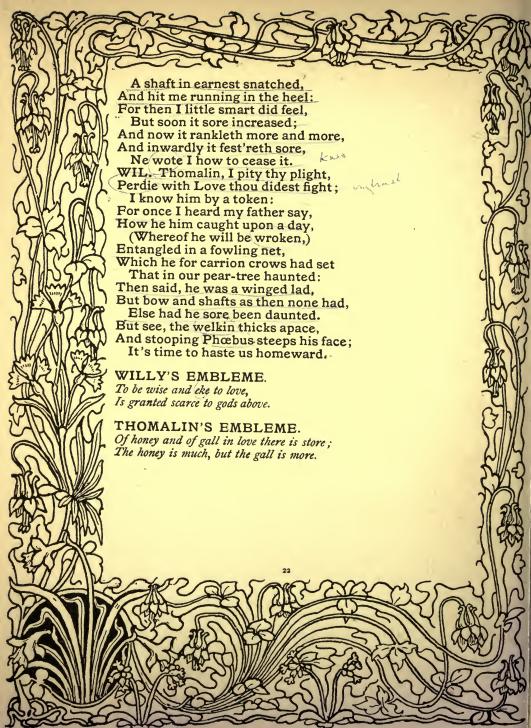








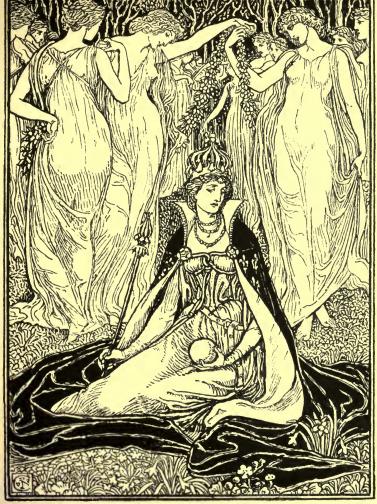






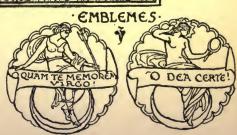


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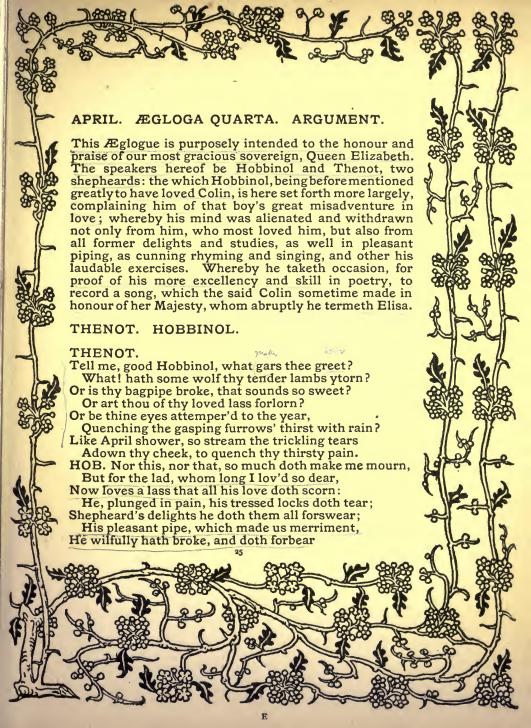


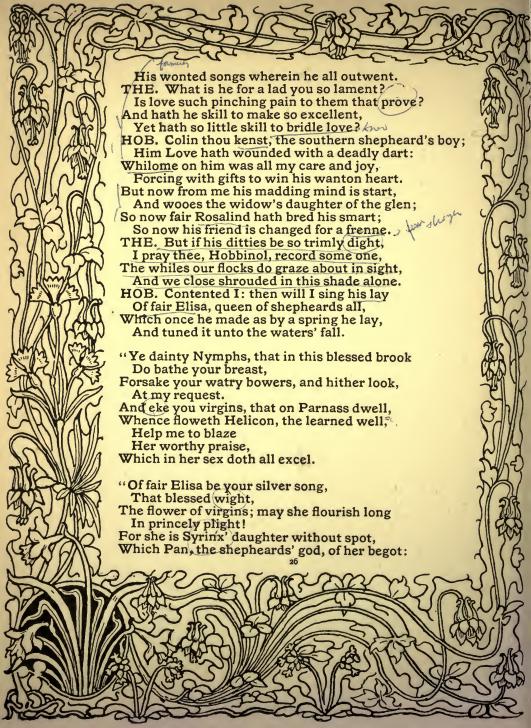


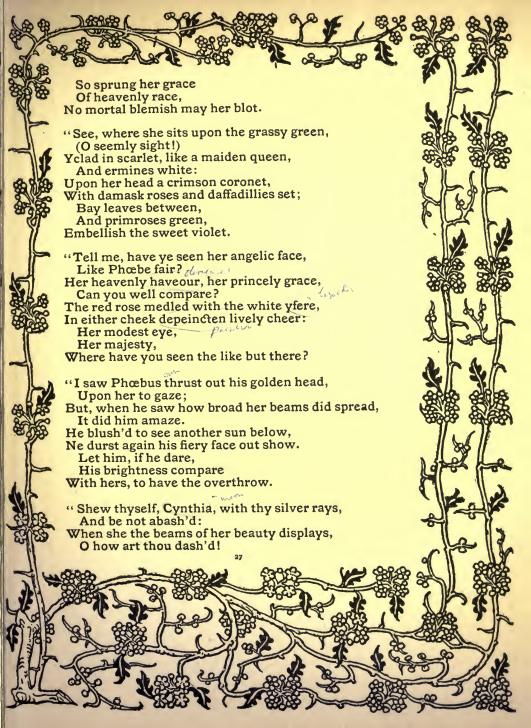


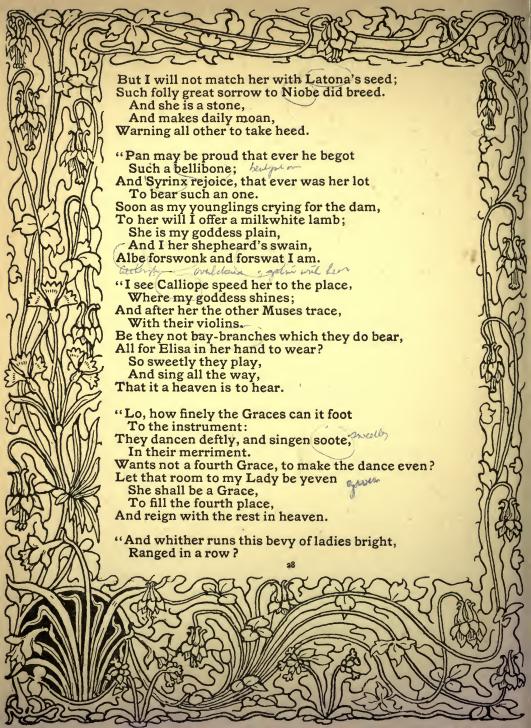


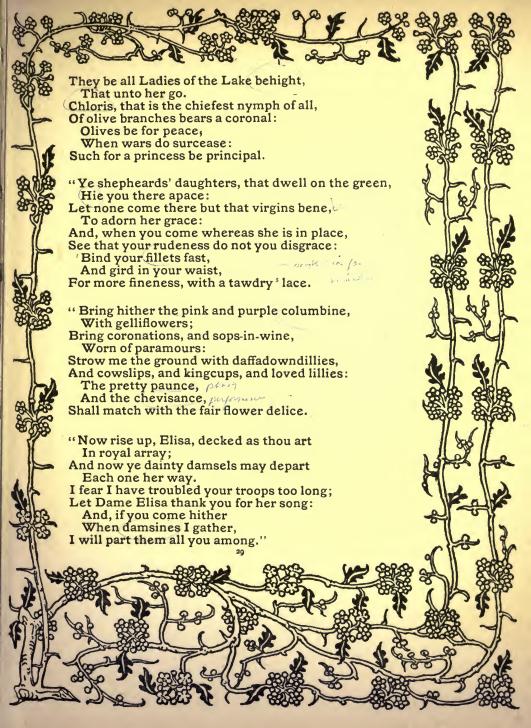


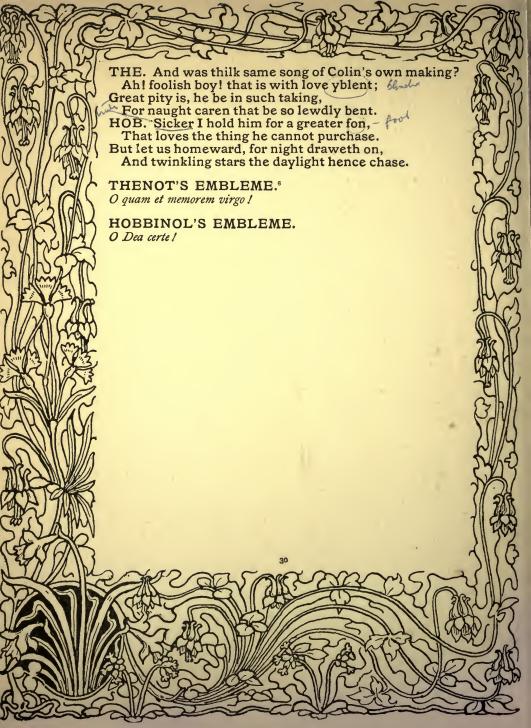


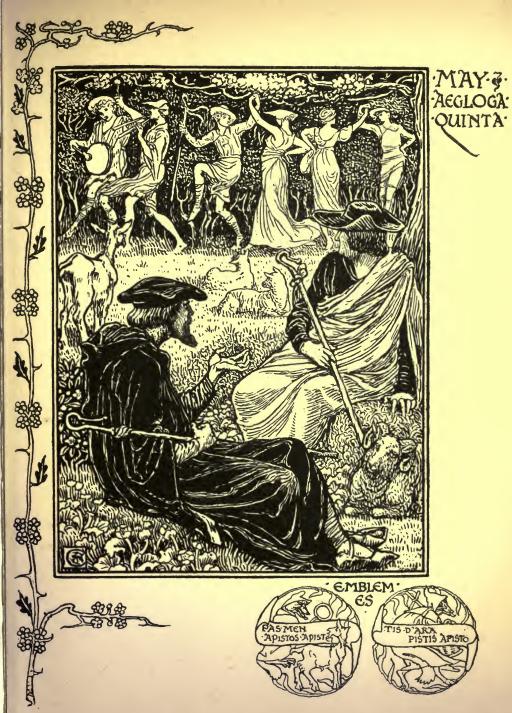




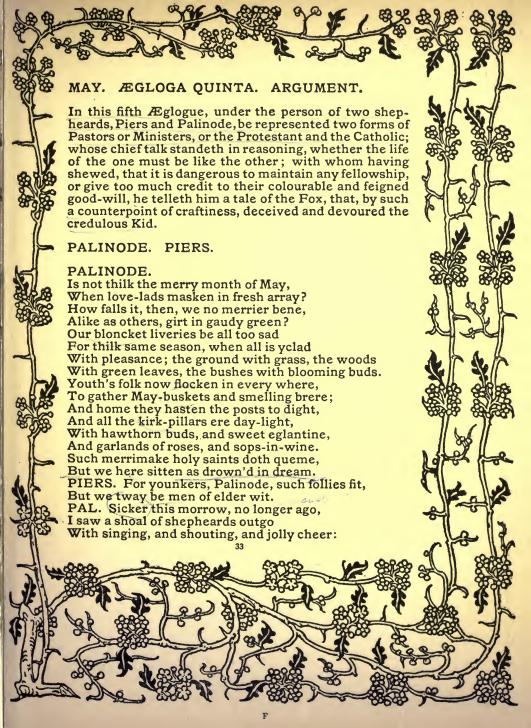




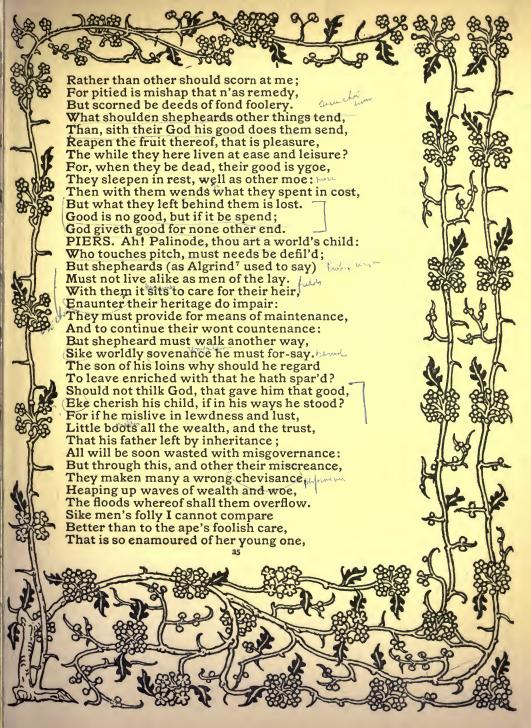




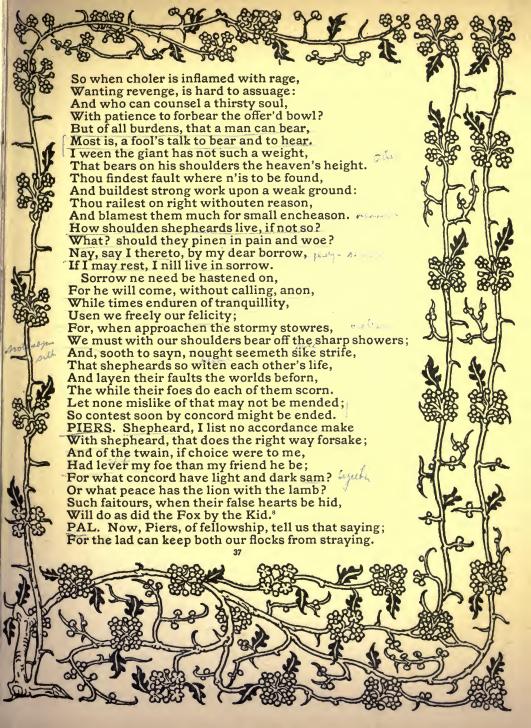


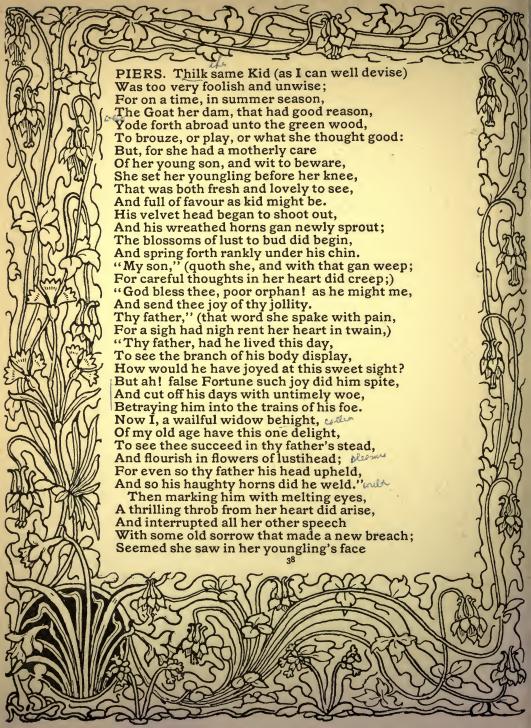


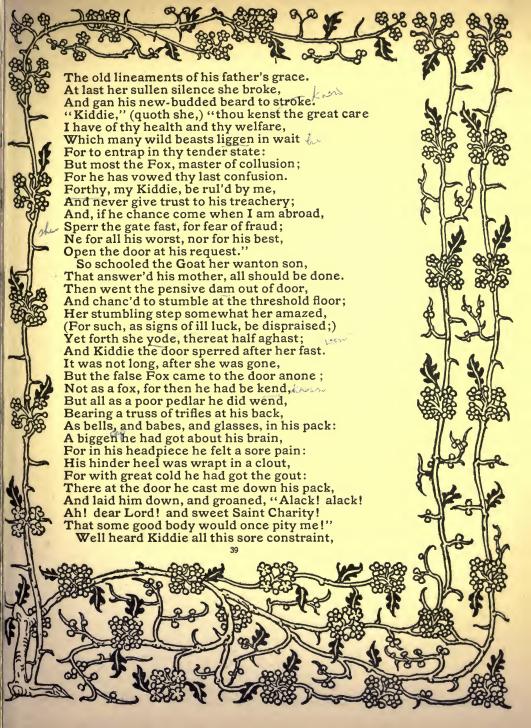
Before them yode a lusty tabrere, when That to the many a horn-pipe play'd, Whereto they dancen each one with his maid. To see those folks make such jovisance, Made my heart after the pipe to dance: Then to the green wood they speeden them all, To fetchen home May with their musical; And home they bringen in a royal throne, Crowned as king; and his queen attone Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend A fair flock of faeries, and a fresh bend Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there, To helpen the ladies their Maybush bear!) Ah! Piers, be not thy teeth on edge, to think How great sport they gainen with little swink? PIERS. Perdie; so far am I from envy, in truck That their fondness inly I pity: Those faitours little regarden their charge, While they, letting their sheep run at large, Passen their time, that should be sparely spent, In lustified and wanton merriment. Thilk same be shepheards for the devil's stead, That playen while their flocks be unfed: Well it is seen their sheep be not their own, That letten them run at random alone: But they be hired for little pay Of other, that caren as little as they, What fallen the flock, so they have the fleece, And get all the gain, paying but a piece. I muse, what account both these will make; The one for the hire, which he doth take, And th' other for leaving his Lord's task, When great Pan account of shepheards shall ask. PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spite, All for thou lackest somdele their delight. I (as I am) had rather be envied, All were it of my foe, than fonly pitied; And yet, if need were, pitied would be,



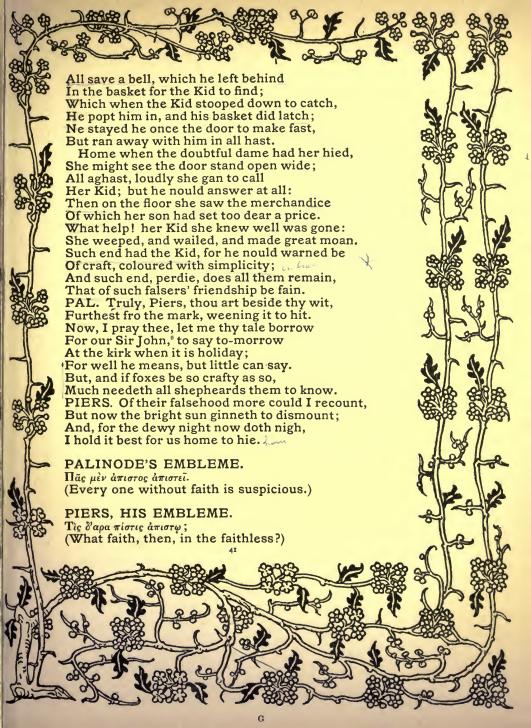
(And yet, God wot, such cause had she none,) That with her hard hold, and strait embracing, She stoppeth the breath of her youngling. So oftentimes, whenas good is meant, Evil ensueth of wrong intent. The time was once, and may again retorn, (For ought may happen, that hath been beforn,) and When shepheards had none inheritance, Ne of land nor fee in sufferance, But what might arise of the bare sheep, (Were it more or less) which they did keep. Well ywis was it with shepheards then: Nought having, nought feared they to forego; For Pan himself was their inheritance, And little them served for their maintenance. The shepheards' God so well them guided, That of nought they were unprovided; Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey, And their flocks' fleeces them to array: But tract of time, and long prosperity, (That nurse of vice, this of insolency,) Lulled the shepheards in such security, That, not content with loyal obeisance, Some gan to gape for greedy governance, And match them self with mighty potentates, Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states: Then gan shepheards' swains to look aloft, loo And leave to live hard, and learn to ligg soft: Then, under colour of shepheards, somewhile There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile, That often devoured their own sheep, And often the shepheards that did them keep: This was the first source of shepheards' sorrow, That now nill be quit with bail nor borrow. The makes PAL. Three things to bear be very burdenous, But the fourth to forbear is outrageous: Women, that of love's longing once lust, Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:



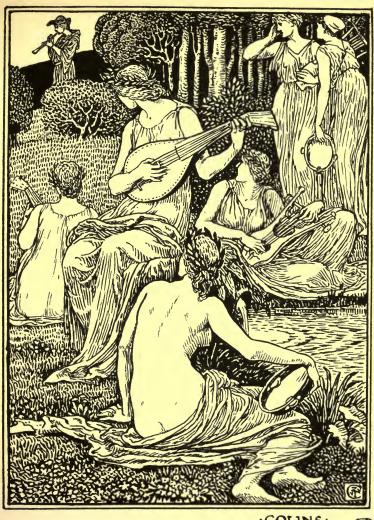




And long'd to know the cause of his complaint; Then, creeping close behind the wicket's clink, Privily he peeped out through a chink, Yet not so privily but the Fox him spied; For deceitful meaning is double-eyed. "Ah! good young master," (then gan he cry,) "Jesus bless that sweet face I espy, And keep your corpse from the careful stounds place That in my carrion carcase abounds." The Kid, pitying his heaviness, Asked the cause of his great distress, And also who, and whence that he were. Then he, that had well yconn'd his lere, Thus medled his talk with many a tear: "Sick, sick, alas! and little lack of dead. But I be relieved by your beastlyhead. I am a poor sheep, albe my colour dun, For with long travel I am brent in the sun; And if that, my grandsire me said, be true, Sicker, I am very sib to you; white So be your goodlihead do not disdain The base kindred of so simple swain. Of mercy and favour then I you pray, With your aid to forestall my near decay." Then out of his pack a glass he took, Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look, He was so enamoured with the newell, with That nought he deemed dear for the jewel: Then opened he the door, and in came The false Fox, as he were stark lame: His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain, Lest he should be descried by his train. Being within, the Kid made him good glee, All for the love of the glass he did see. After his cheer, the pedlar gan chat, And tell many leasings of this and that, And how he could shew many a fine knack; Then shewed his ware and opened his pack,





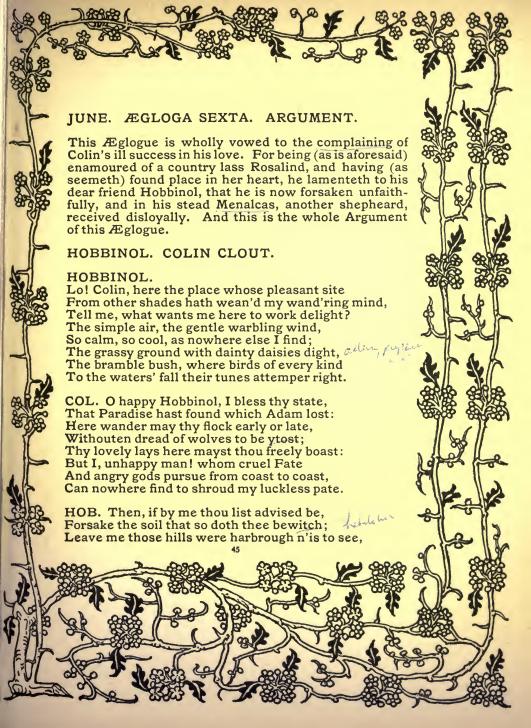


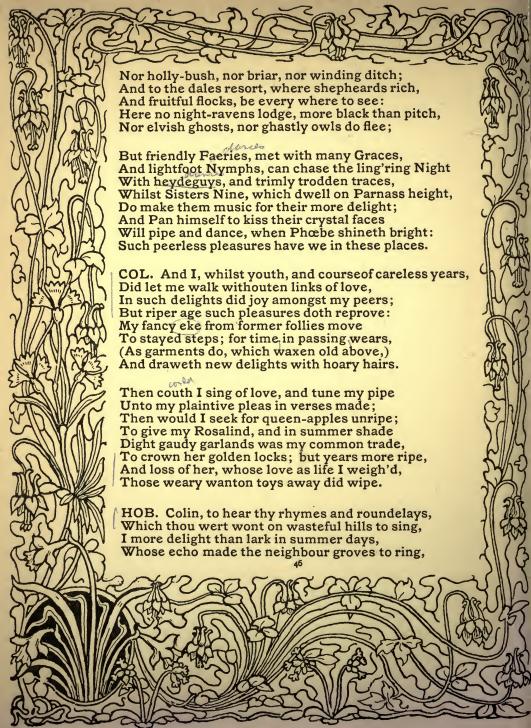
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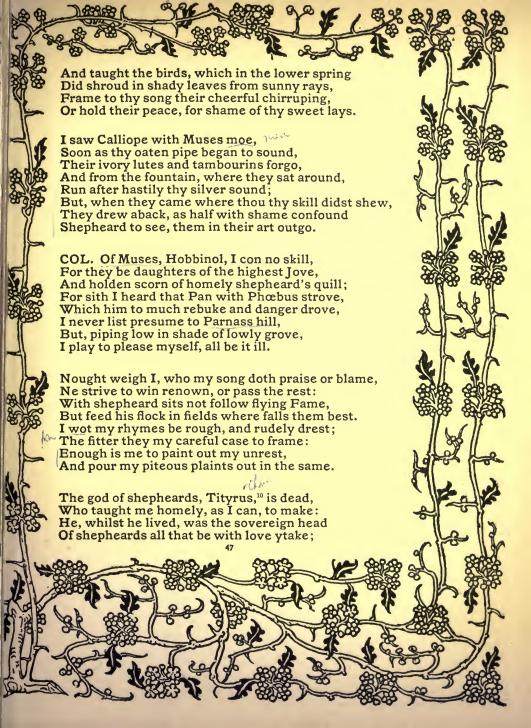


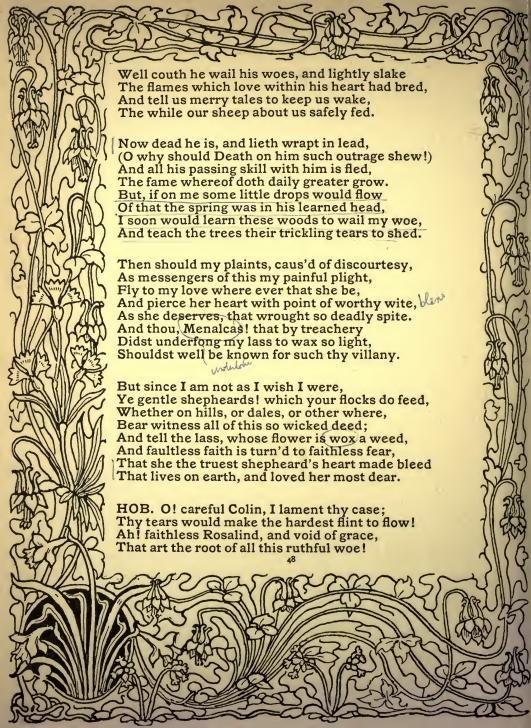


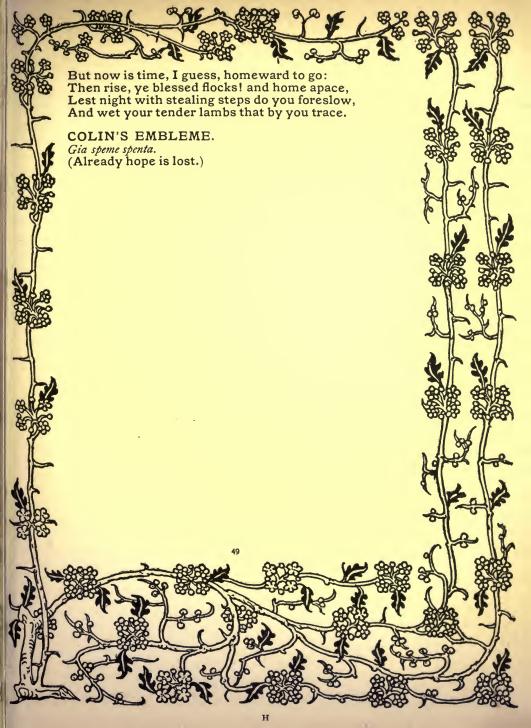




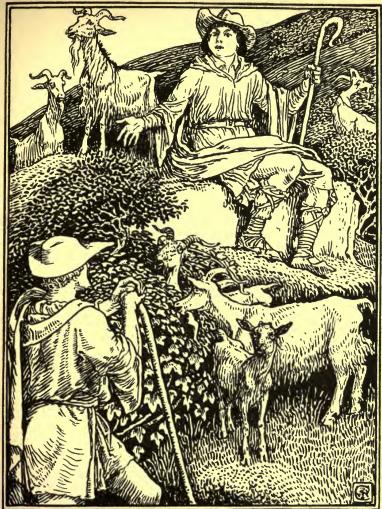




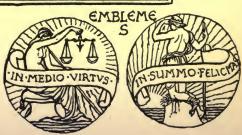




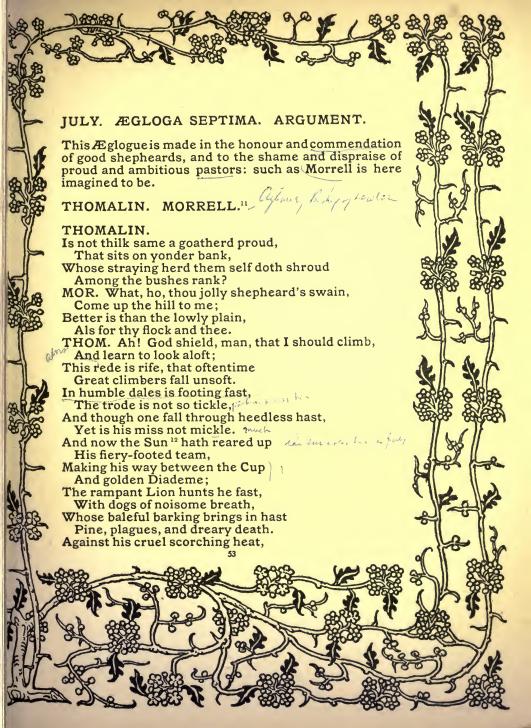


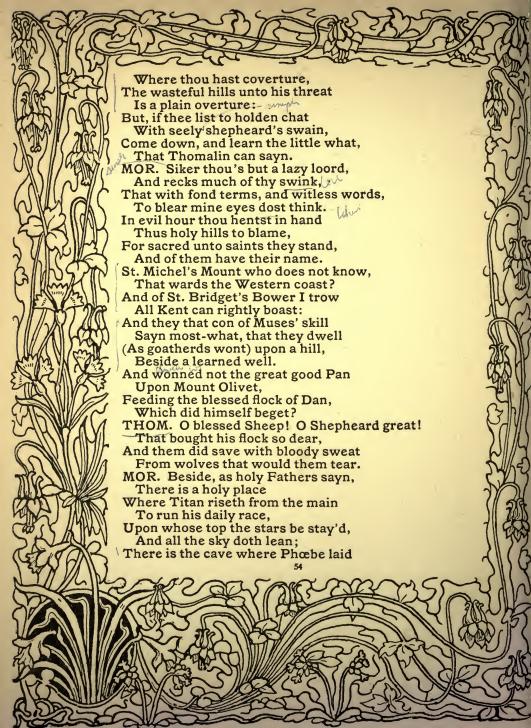


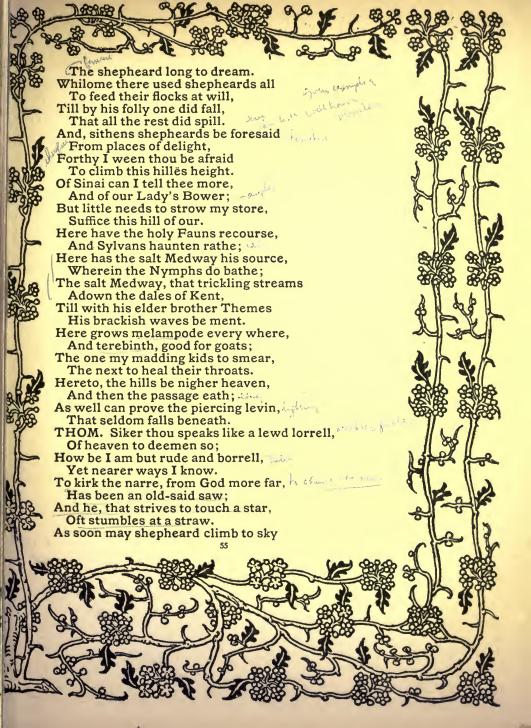
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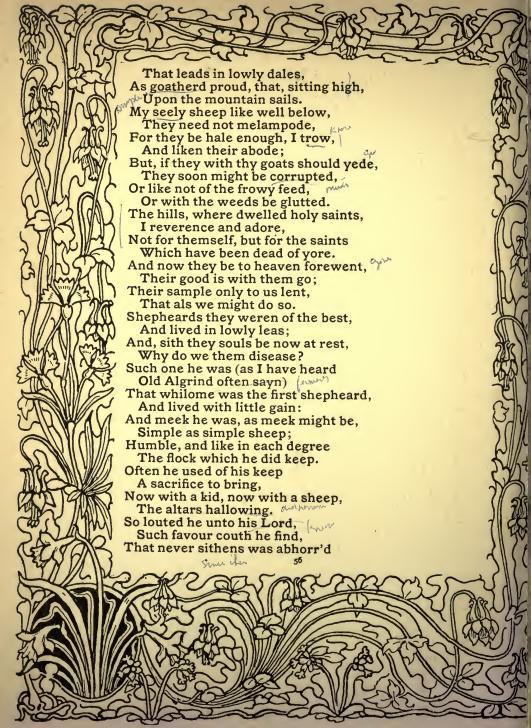


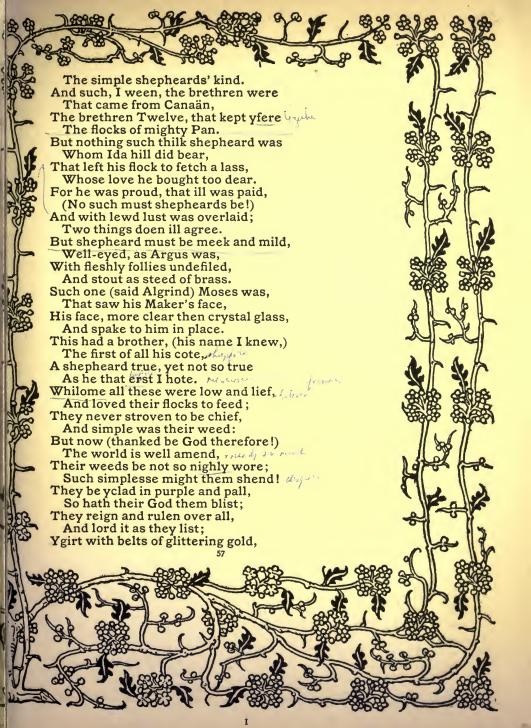


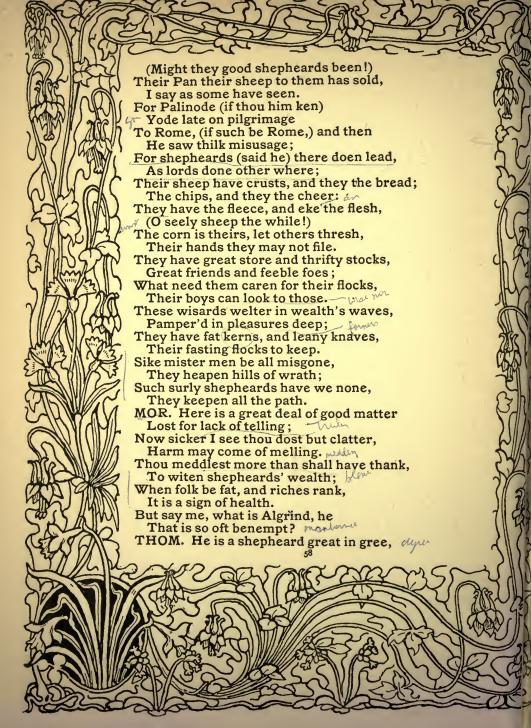


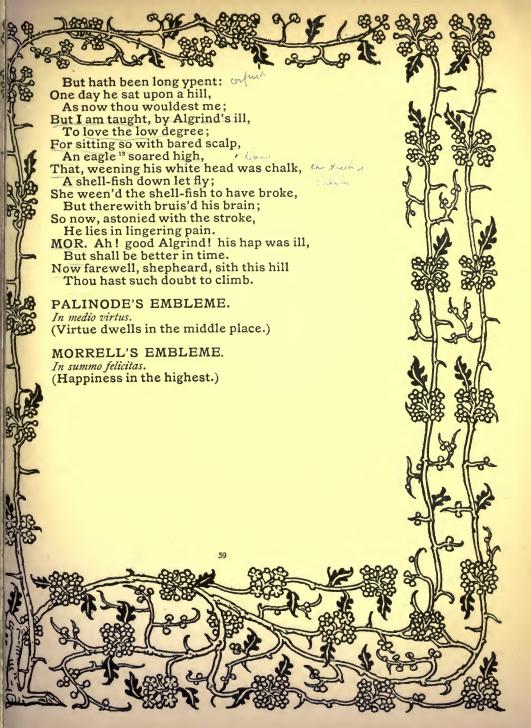




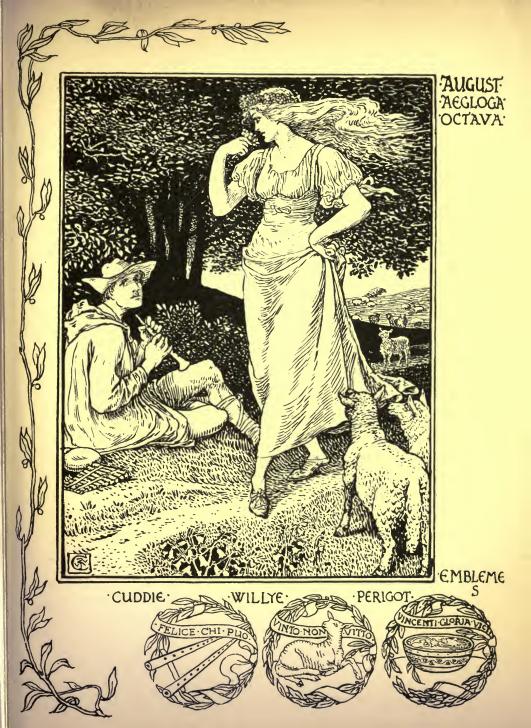




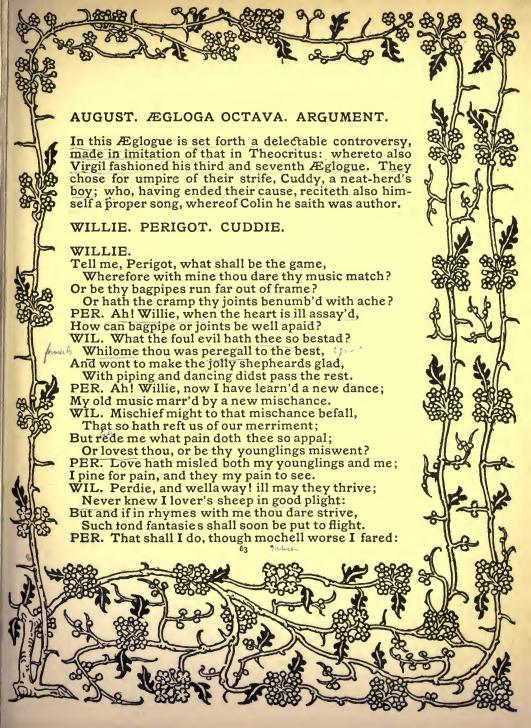




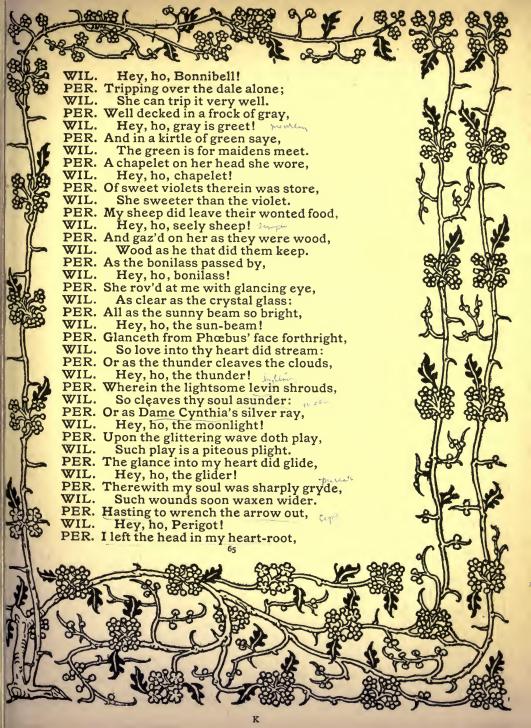




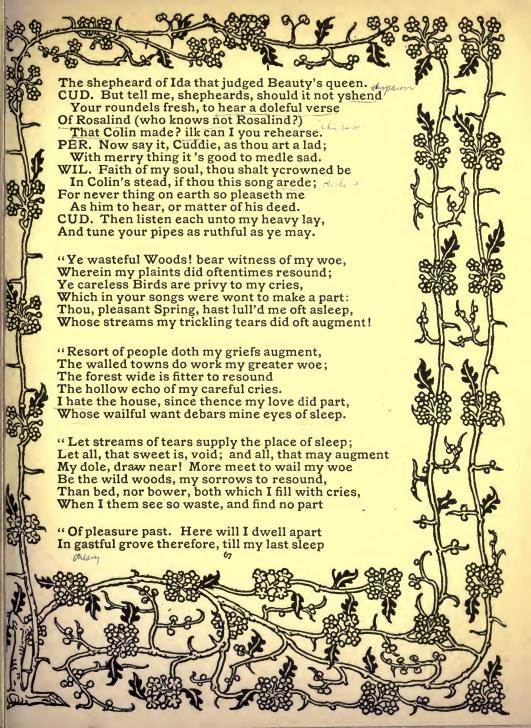


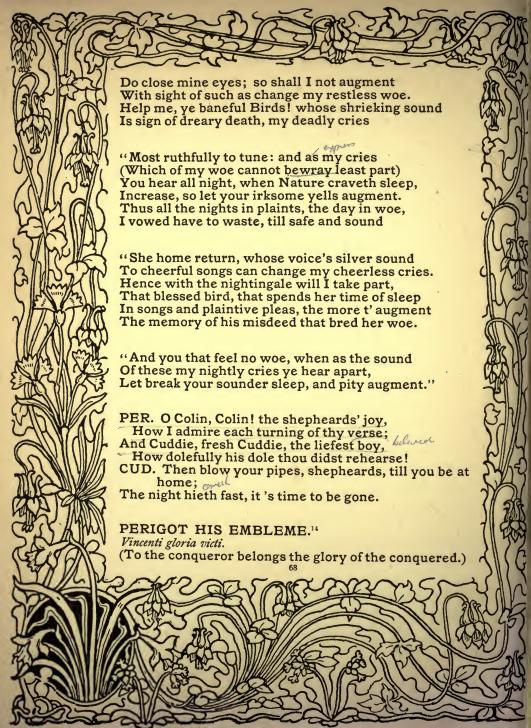


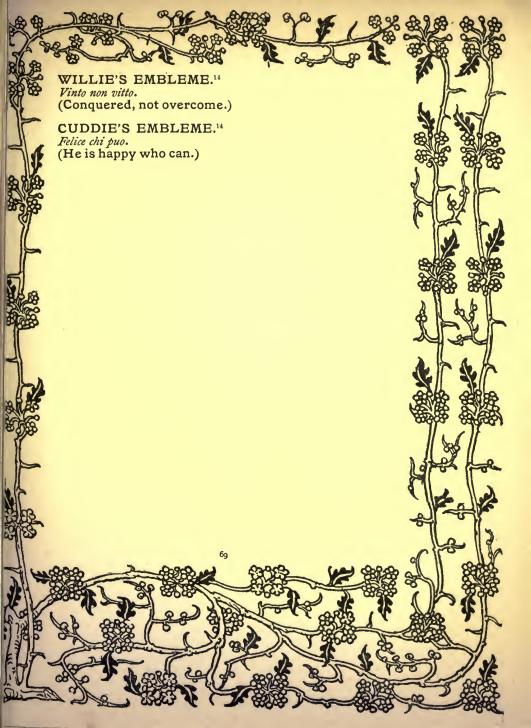
Never shall be said that Perigot was dared. WIL, Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight, A mazer ywrought of the maple warre, were Wherein is enchased many a fair sight Of bears and tigers, that maken fierce war And over them spread a goodly wild vine, Entrailed with a wanton ivy twine. Thereby is a lamb in the wolves jaws; But see, how fast runneth the shepheard swain To save the innocent from the beast's paws. And here with his sheephook hath him slain. Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen? Well might it beseem any harvest queen. PER. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb; Of all my flock there n'is such another, For I brought him up without the dam; But Colin Clout reft me of his brother, That he purchas'd of me in the plain field; Sore against my will was I forc'd to yield. WIL. Sicker, make like account of his brother: But who shall judge the wager won or lost? PER. That shall yonder herdgroom and none other, Which over the pease hitherward doth post. WIL. But, for the sunbeam so sore doth us beat. Were not better to shun the scorching heat? PER. Well agreed, Willie; then set thee down, swain: Such a song never heardest thou but Colin sing. CUD. 'Gin, when ye list, ye jolly shepheards twain; Such a judge, as Cuddie, were for a king. PER. "It fell upon a holy eve, Hey, ho, holiday! PER. When holy Fathers wont to shrieve; WIL. Now ginneth this roundelay. PER. Sitting upon a hill so high, WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill! PER. The while my flock did feed thereby; WIL. The while the shepheard self did spill; PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibone, grow : beautiful our



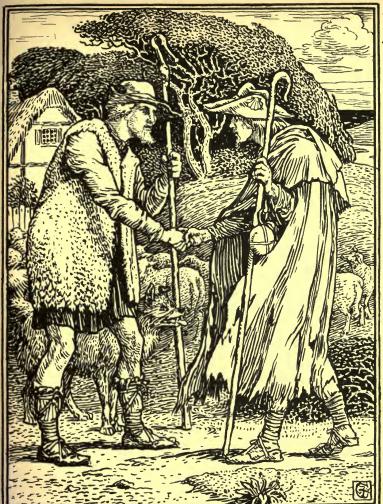
It was a desperate shot. WIL. PER. There it rankleth aye more and more, WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow! PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore, Hey, ho, the arrow! WIL. Love is a careless sorrow. PER. And though my bale with death I bought, WIL. Hey, ho, heavy cheer! PER. Yet should thilk lass not from my thought, WIL. So you may buy gold too dear. PER. But whether in painful love I pine, WIL. Hey, ho, pinching pain! PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine, WIL. But if thou can her obtain. PER. And if for graceless grief I die, WIL. Hey, ho, graceless grief! PER. Witness she slew me with her eye, WIL. Let thy folly be the prief. per PER. And you, that saw it, simple sheep, WIL. Hey, ho, the fair flock! PER. For prief thereof, my death shall weep, And moan with many a mock. PER. So learn'd I love on a holy eve, WIL. Hey, ho, holy-day! PER. That ever since my heart did grieve, WIL Now endeth our roundelay." CUD. Sicker, such a roundel never heard I none; Little lacketh Perigot of the best. And Willie is not greatly overgone, So weren his under-songs well addrest. WIL. Herdgroom, I fear me thou have a squint eye; Arede uprightly, who has the victory. CUD. Faith of my soul, I deem each have gained; Forthy let the lamb be Willie his own: And for Perigot, so well hath him pained, To him be the wroughten mazer alone. PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doom, Ne can Willie wite the witeless herdgroom. WIL. Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween, diemen







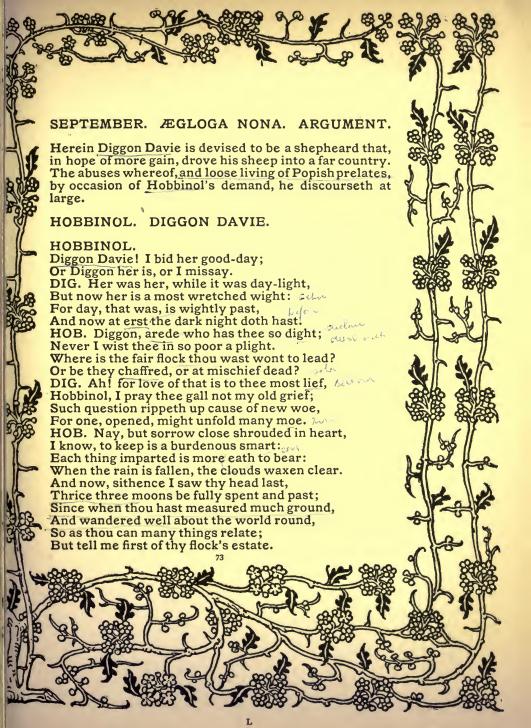


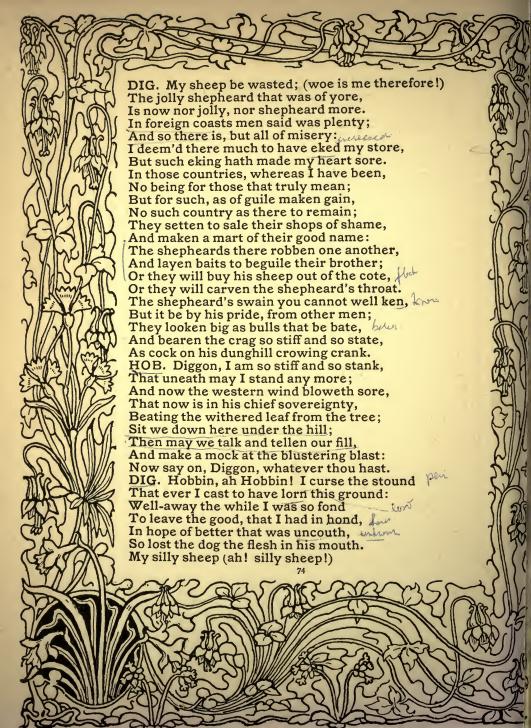


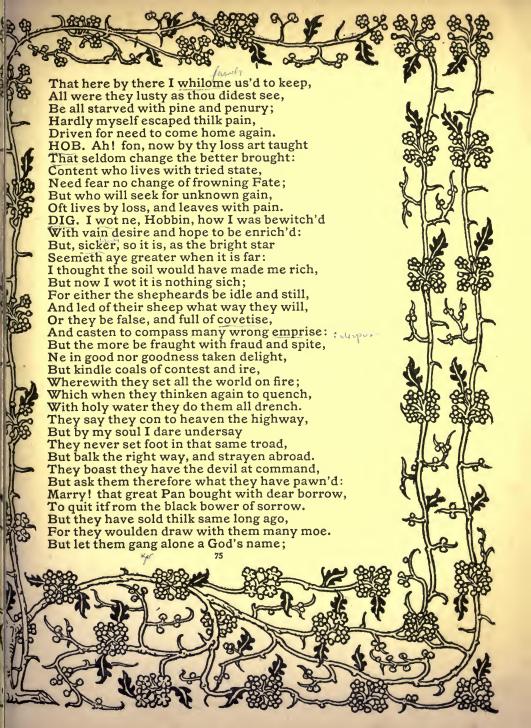
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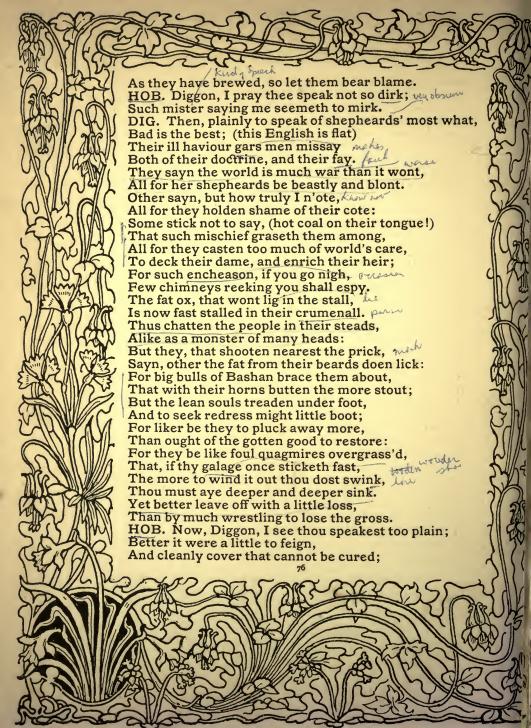


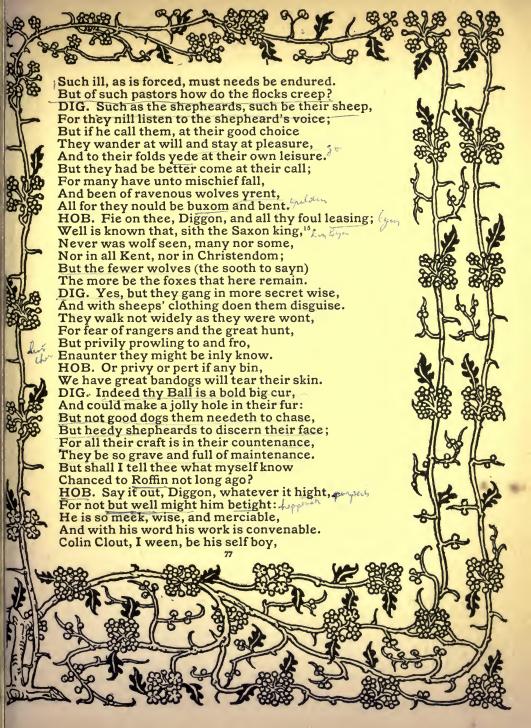


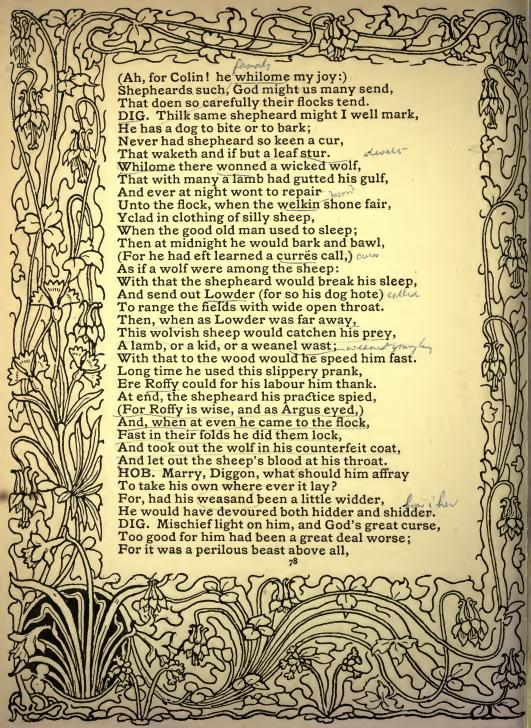


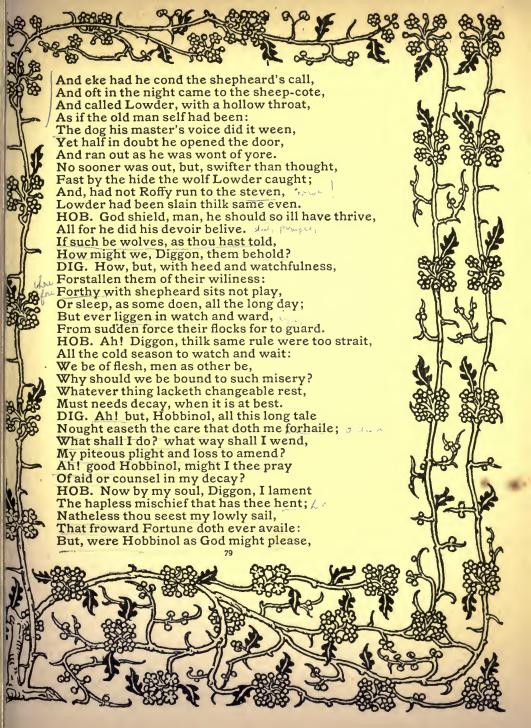


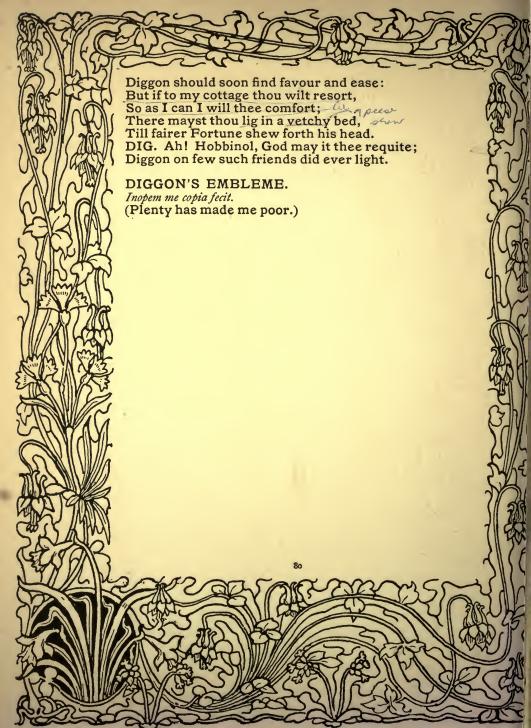














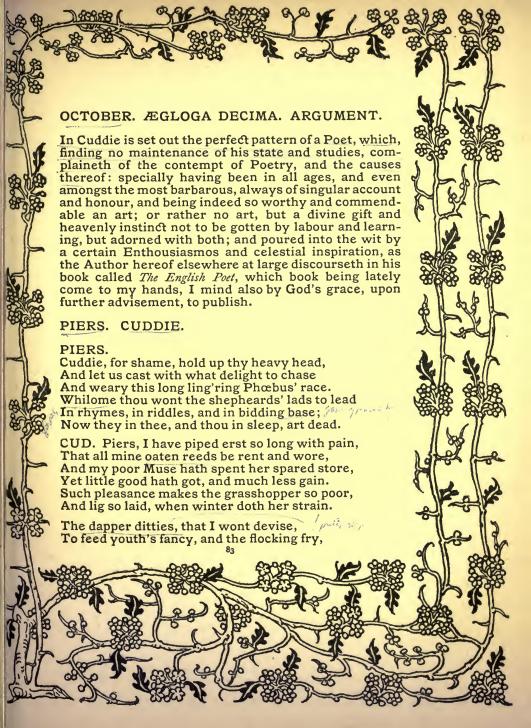
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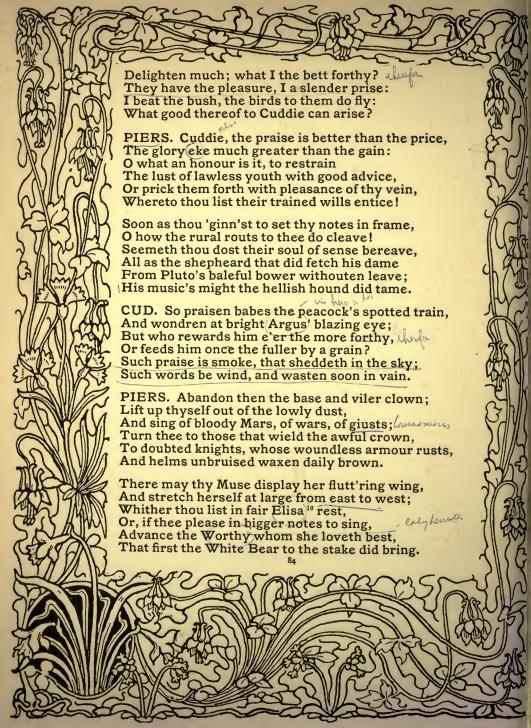


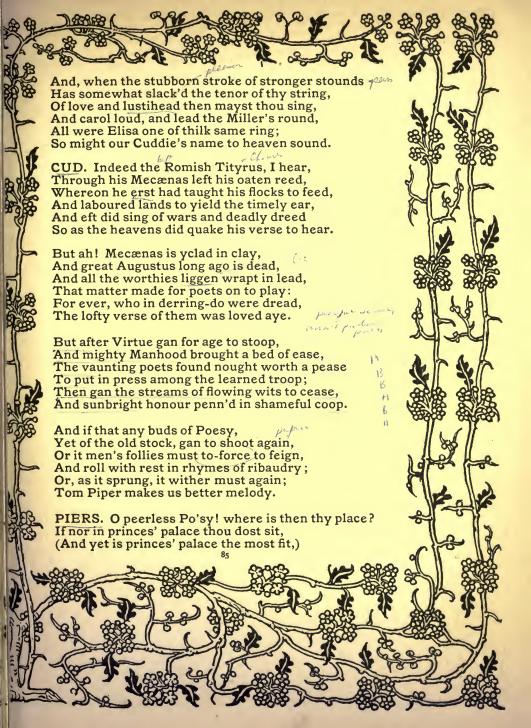


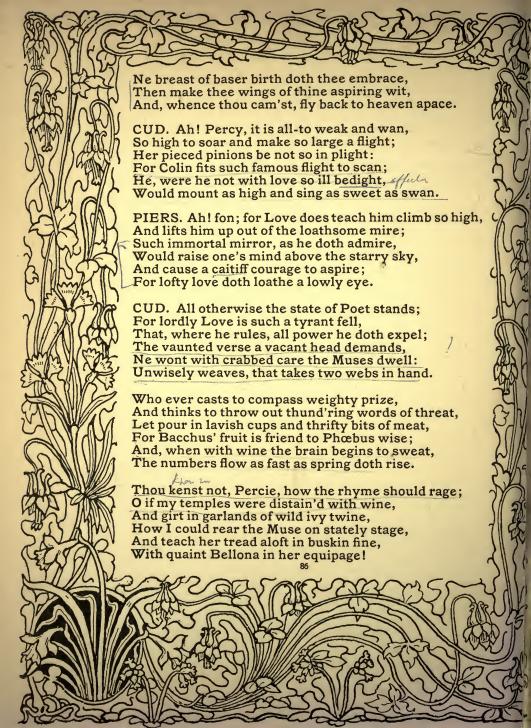


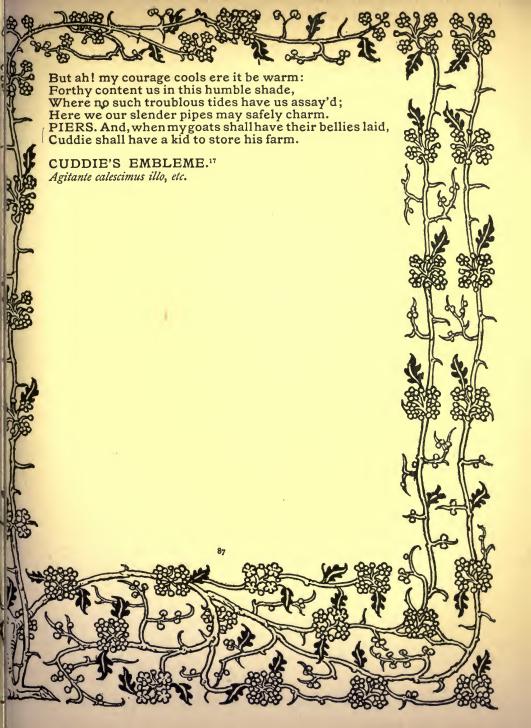












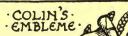








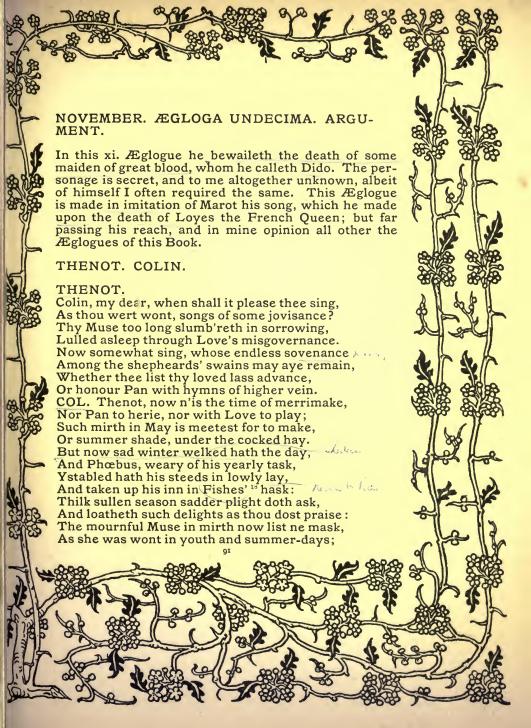
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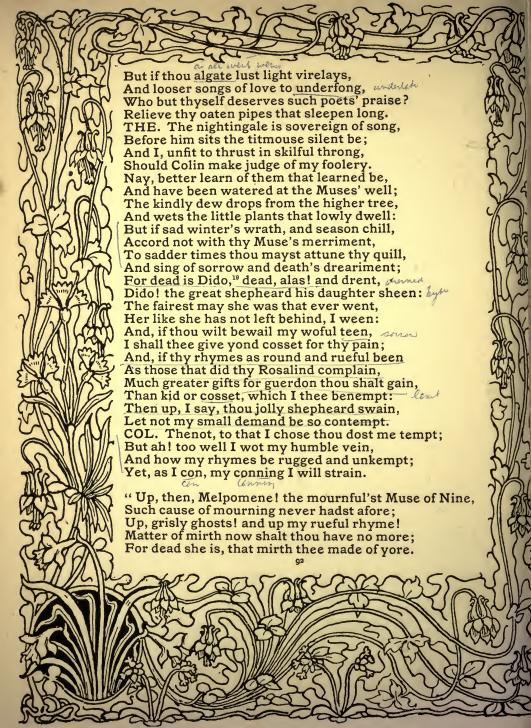


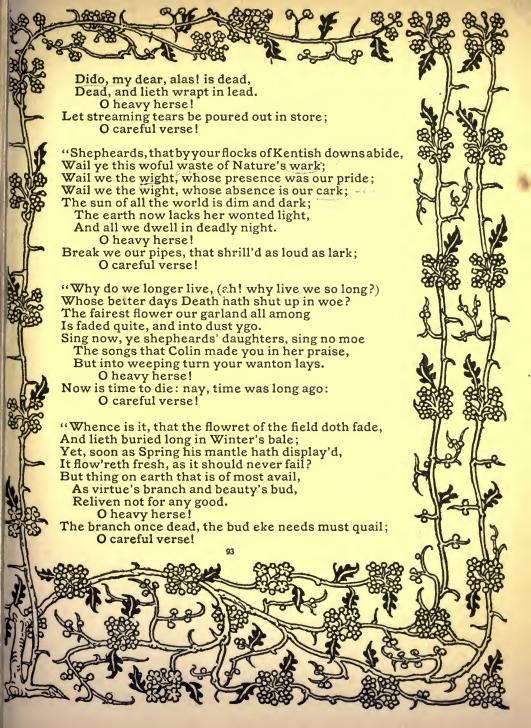


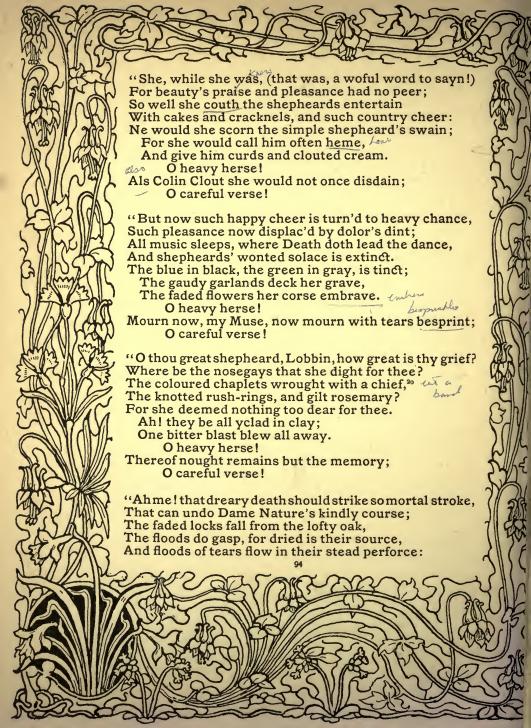


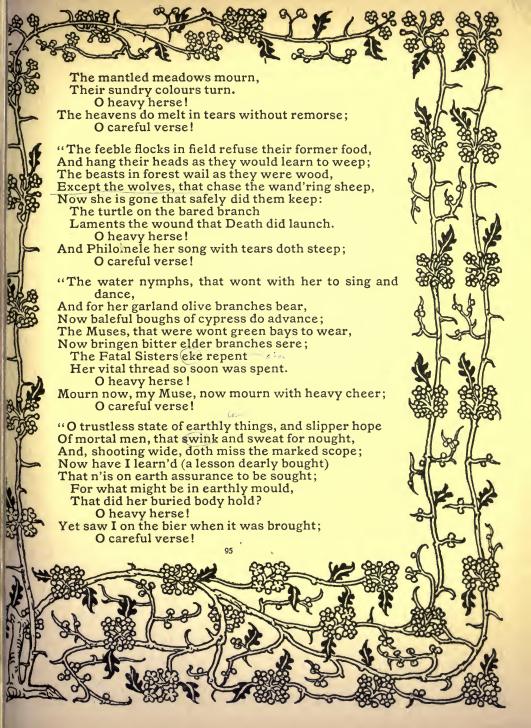


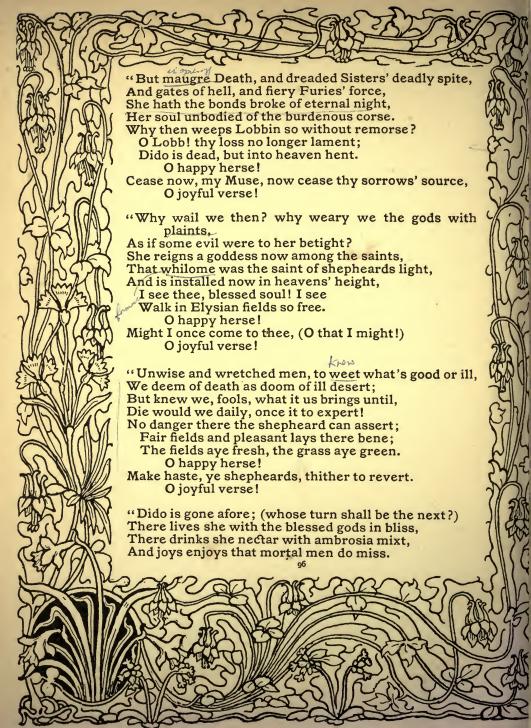


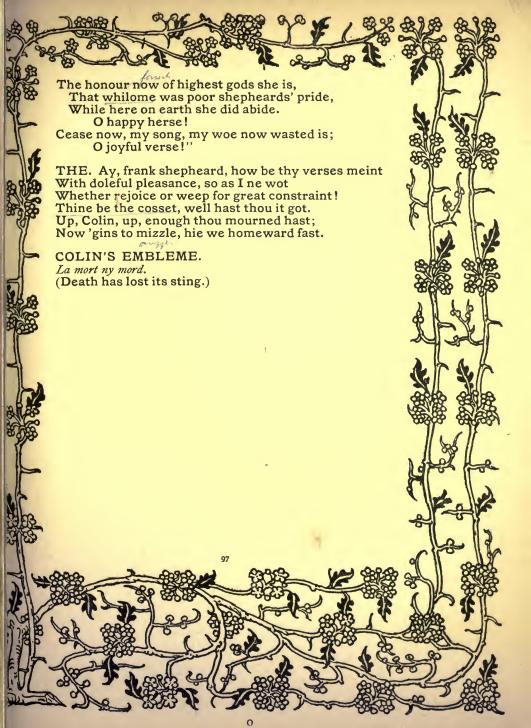










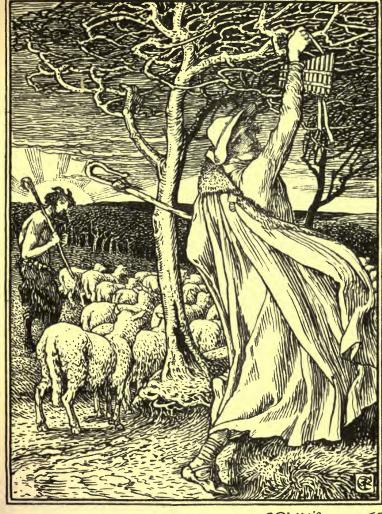








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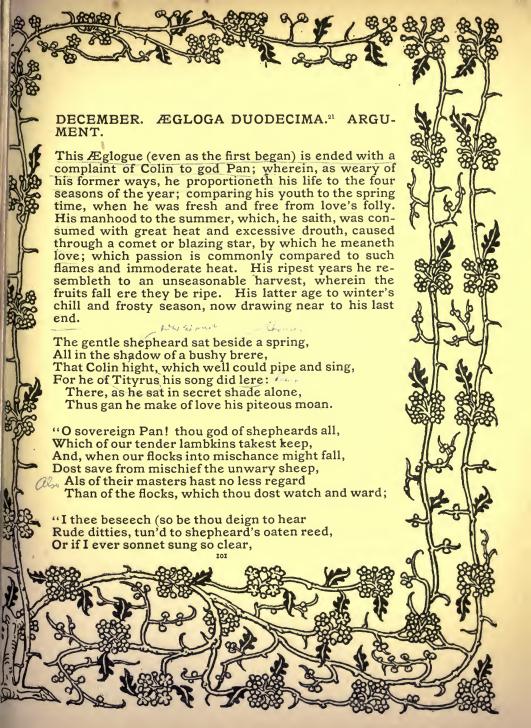


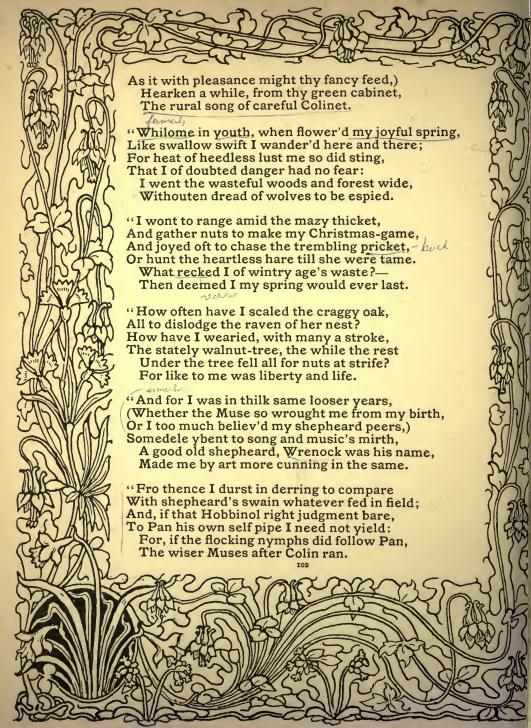
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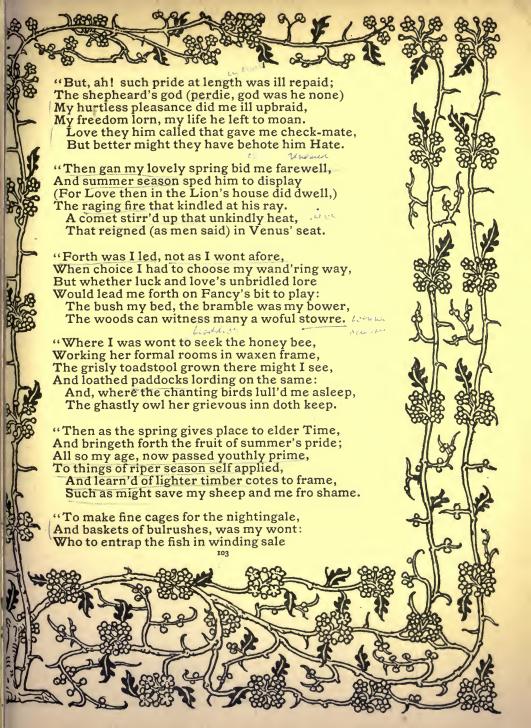


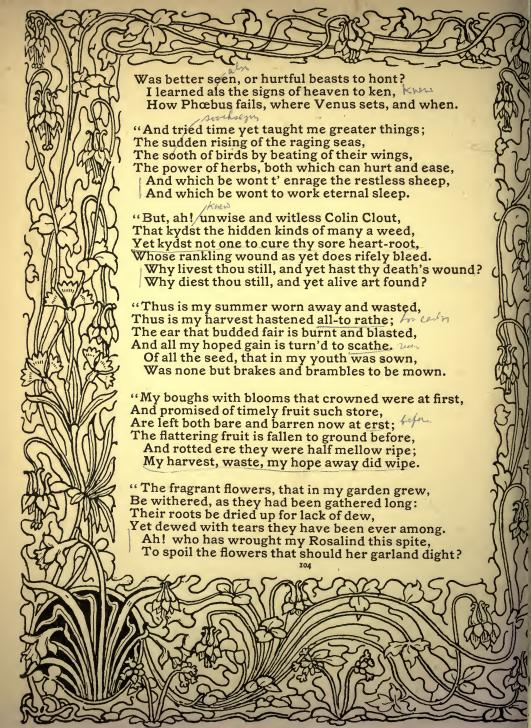


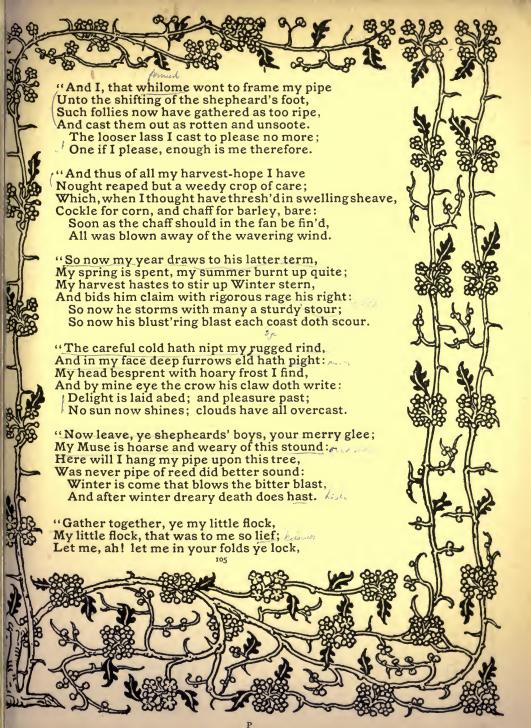


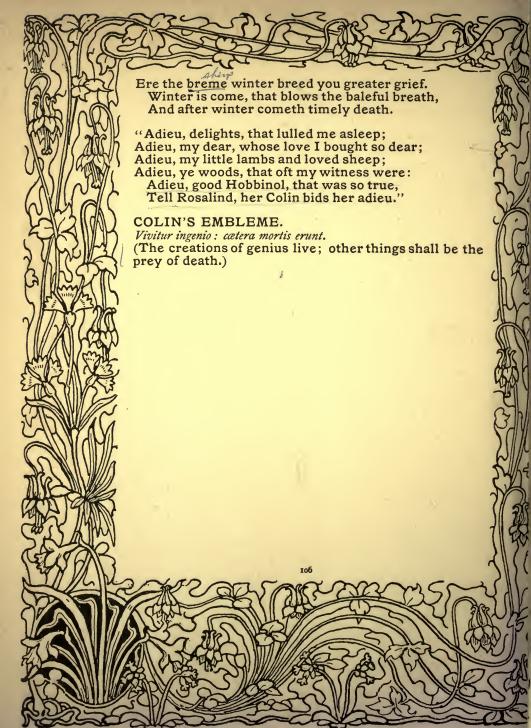


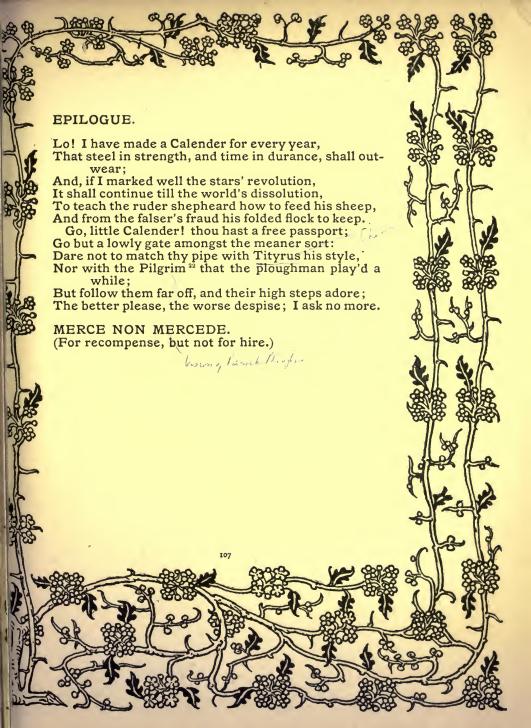




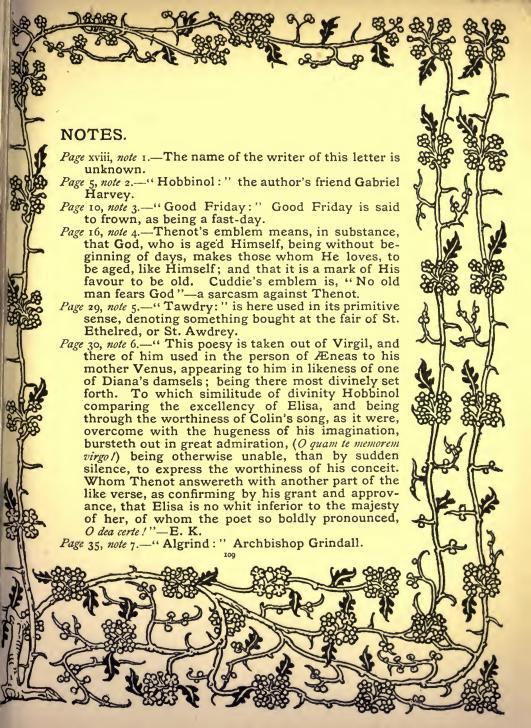


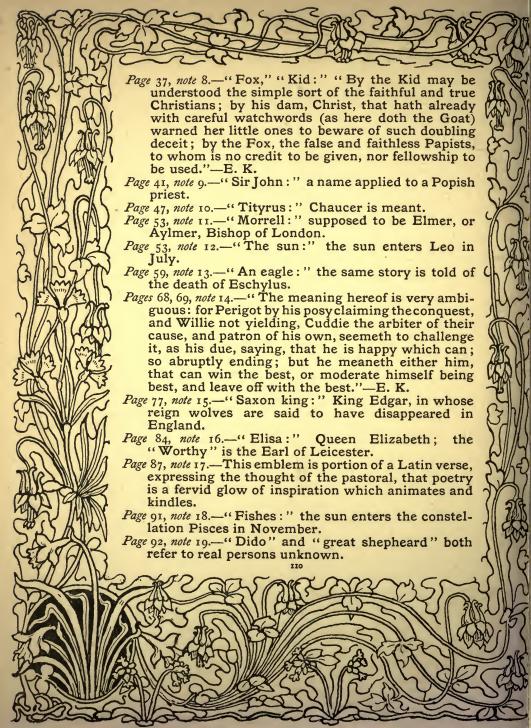


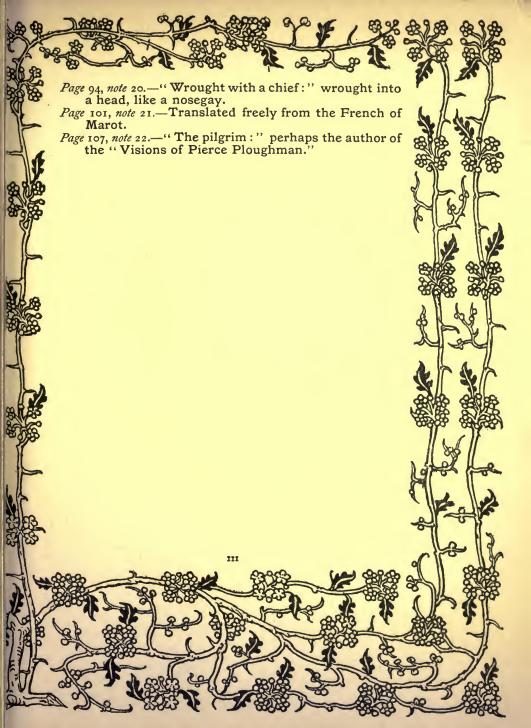




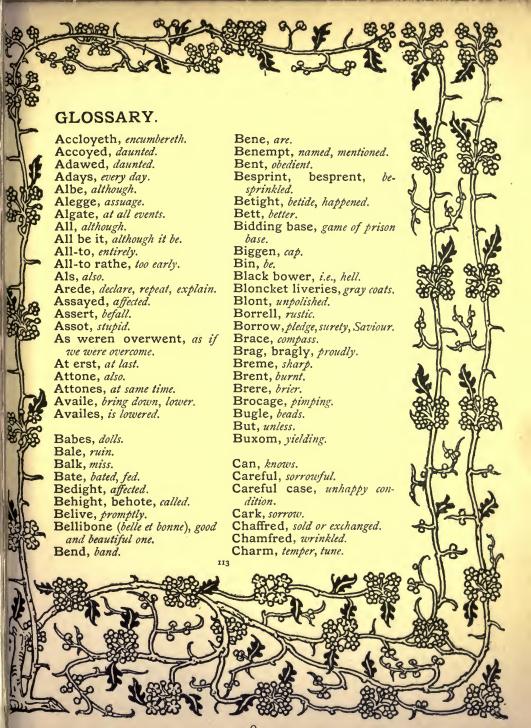


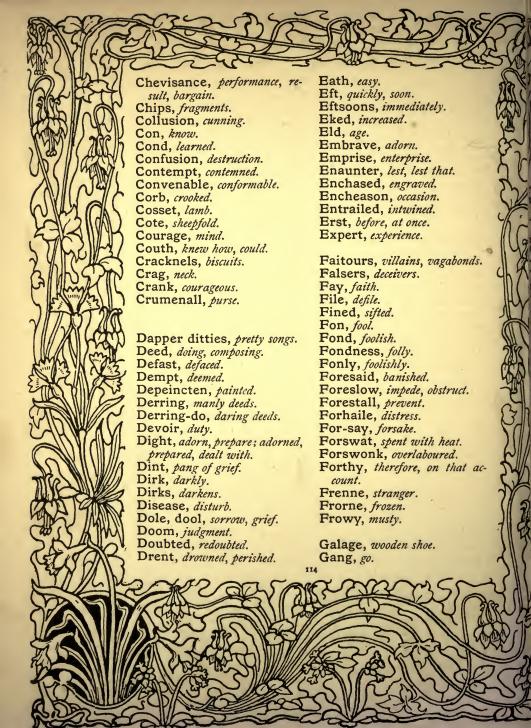




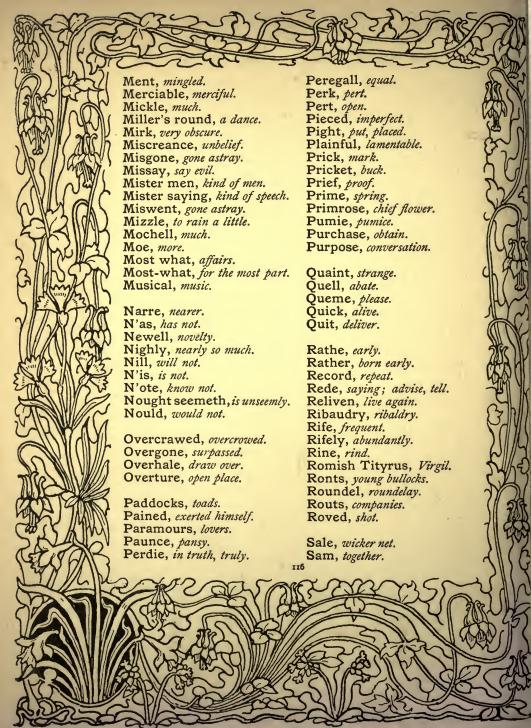




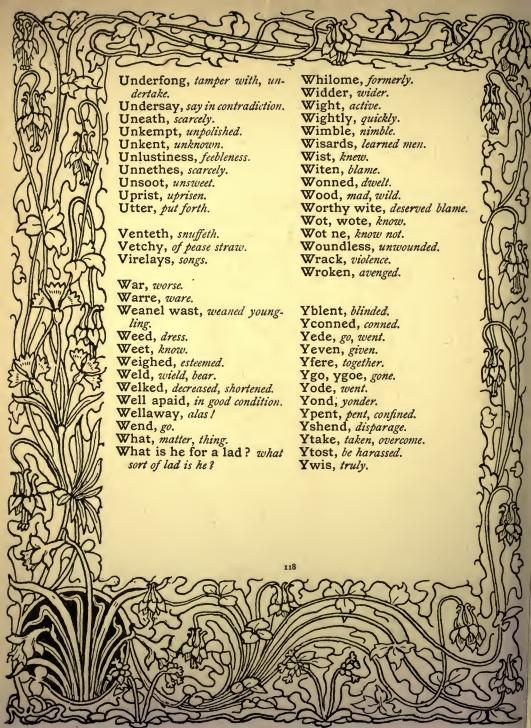


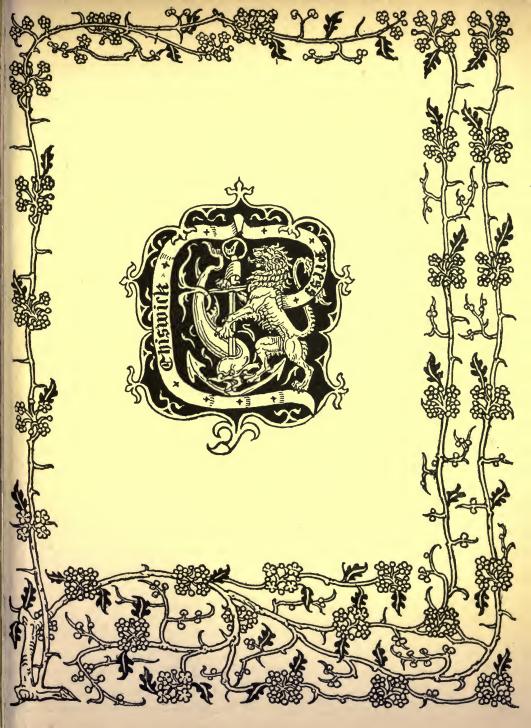










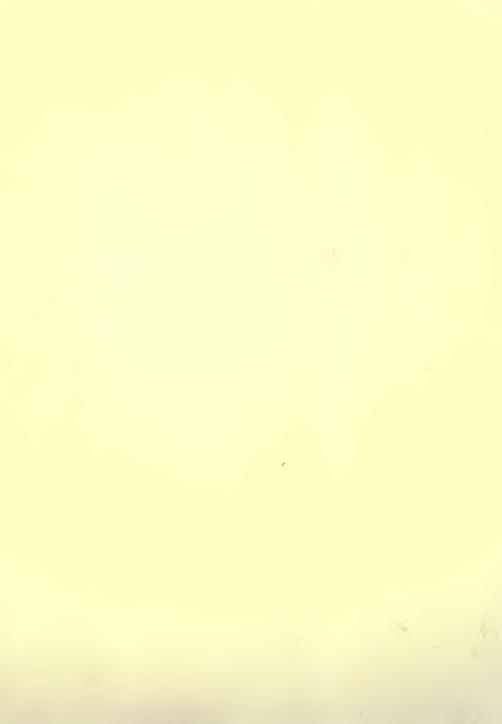












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